

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1824.

Number 24.

POETRY

FOR THE OBSERVER.

BLUE DEVILS.

Ye snaky elves, who'er ye are,
Of blue, or black I do not care,
I will not have you dance in air
About my noddle.

Some call you "Tayouars," some the "Horrors,"
But of all the grimest terrors
Which men afflict with bitter sorrows,
Ye are the foremost.

Say, Mr. Blue Devil, whence you come?
From your own smoky, stinking home?
Where sinners' ghosts, and such folks roam,
Just like yourself?

When men are airy castles building,
When they their golden joys are gilding,
And to their golden fancies yielding,
Ye crack their visions.

Your gloom, ye mingle with their pleasure;
Ye weep their joys, with fullest measure,
And make men think their shining treasure
A drossy bauble.

When raptures bright the bosom work,
Close by, with cloven foot, ye'll lurk,
And with your bloody little dirk
Give them a stabbing.

When brisk with wine, the dance we're joining,
And full of bliss, ye raised such whining,
Such wail and long and long repining,
Ye fright our conscience.

When we with love and pleasure please us,
Ye will with frightful visions tease us,
And bid the villain, I am, seize us
In all our goings.

When we the thread of joy are spinning
And life's sweet honey-comb are winning,
Ye call this sportive game, a *sinning*,
And clip the thread off.

No pills or drops will cure or kill you,
No stone, to dust can ever mill you,
Nor deadly poison ever thrill you
With pangs of dying.

If, worthless elf, ye thrust your nose
In, to disturb my sweet repose,
I'll bang your head with such thick blows,
That you will rue it.

I'll seize my cag of "O-be-joyful,"
I'll lay it round your ears so woful,
That you shall cry enough, a wail full
Of such like drubbing.

I'll sinuer every ounce your marrow,
I'll make you sup most bitter sorrow
In all the pangs of keenest horror,
That flesh is heir to.

If ye shall near me throw your carcass,
I'll kick you headlong down the staircase
Till you shall wonder at so rare a case
Of your sad downfall.

And when within my vengeance wreaking
Ye put your pate, a woful tweaking,
I'll give your nose, and hang you reeking
In regions airy.

Like Falea-witch, I'll jump astride you,
And to a thorny saddle bridle you,
Then through earth's roughest tumble ride you,
Till ye look sorry.

For provender I'll give you gravel,
O'er red hot bridges make you travel,
Till ye can neither cheat nor cavil,
As ye are us'd to.

Fly then, Blue Devil—save your bacon,
Or racks shall set your heart to aching,
And give your bones a horrid quaking
With fit of ague.

CIMON.

RECAPITULATION OF HULL'S LETTERS.

[Concluded from our last.]

FROM THE LONDON STATESMAN.

Memoirs of the Campaign of the North West-
ern Army in 1812.

The effort to open the communication by the detachments under Major Vanhorne and Colonel Miller, proving abortive, and before the one under Col. M^r Arthur marched, I stated, to some of my principal officers, that from the information I had received, it was evident that the whole force of the enemy, of all descriptions, from the east part of Upper Canada, from Michilimackinac, and from Lake Michigan, were proceeding to join the forces at Malden; that the lake was closed against us; that the road which we had opened from Ohio was obstructed by hostile savages, and that no forces from our country were prepared for its protection; that the provisions were nearly exhausted, and a supply could not be obtained from any quarter; and that, under these circumstances I suggested the expediency of making a movement of the army to the foot of the rapids of the Miami, and there act as circumstances might require. The answer to this was, as appears by Col. Cass' testimony, that the men, or soldiers, did not think such a measure necessary, and if the orders were given they would not be observed.

This circumstance I have repeated to show the materials of which my army was composed, and the difficulties which attended my situation. Had this measure, at that time, been carried into effect, the army probably would have been saved.

On the 15th of August, the day after M^r Arthur and Cass marched to the river Raisin, the British forces, with the militia and savages attending them, marched from Malden to Sandwich, opposite to Detroit, with Gen. Brock at their head. His letter, demanding surrender

of Detroit, and my answers have been recited. I immediately sent an express, strongly escorted, to M^r Arthur and Cass, with orders to return with all possible expedition to Detroit; stating that Gen. Brock had arrived with the reinforcements from Fort George, &c. &c. My situation had now become most critical. The effective strength of two of my regiments was absent at the river Raisin, for the purpose of opening the communication, and guarding necessary supplies, intended for my camp. The British troops which had composed the garrisons on the east end of the lake, with the reinforcements from the various parts of Upper Canada, had arrived, and, together with the forces at Malden, were now encamped at Sandwich, opposite to Detroit. Information was received, that the Canadian militia were coming upon me from every quarter. If the force had been brought from so many necessary points of defence to bear upon my army, I could not imagine. What possible reasons could have induced General Brock to draw his troops from the vital part of his province, and leave his most important posts exposed to be taken by our troops on the Niagara river, was truly mysterious. Could I have supposed that a suspension of hostilities had taken place in that quarter, it seems reasonable that it would have been under the condition for the two belligerent parties to have been confined to that location in which they were situated at the commencement of the truce.

By a reference to the preceding numbers, it will appear, by the letter from the Secretary of War to General Dearborn, that he was commanded by the President to concentrate his troops on the Niagara river, invade Upper Canada from that quarter, attack the enemy's posts, and co-operate with the forces under my command. It will further appear, that he did not carry these orders into effect, but agreed to the armistice which has been mentioned, which must have been authorised by the President, because it was disapproved in the most pointed language. My army not being included in the measure, and, as has been observed, no condition having been made, that the troops should remain in the situation they were, during its continuance, the effect it had on my operations is too evident to be here repeated; it must be considered as the principal and immediate fatal cause of the disasters of the campaign.

After the capitulation, I first learned from the lips of the British commander the true state of the case—that the army of General Dearborn had been eight days in operation, and that that circumstance alone had enabled him to bring such a force against me.

Early in the morning of the 16th August, General Brock landed his force at the Spring Wells, three miles below Detroit, under cover of the guns of his navy. From the date of the facts contained in the two numbers I have mentioned, I presume you must be satisfied, that his effective force was more than three times greater than mine, and that he might have brought to his standard more than ten times my number, before I could have received any assistance. This will appear, from the knowledge of the numbers which originally composed my army, by the killed and wounded in the battles which had been fought, by sickness and a variety of other casualties, and likewise from the return of the Adjutant General, Major Jessup, and the testimony of Colonel Cass. Being at this time not only the General of the Army but the Governor of the Territory, and without instruction, as to the course I should pursue, all the measures were entrusted to my discretion. Being responsible for the safety of the inhabitants, it became my duty, if it was possible, to adopt such measures as would effect that object.

My situation was such, that there was no possibility of affording the inhabitants protection, further than the balls from the cannon in the fort could be carried. These inhabitants were scattered over a territory of several hundred miles. The savages had invaded every part of this territory, and while the contest lasted, there was nothing which could restrain their barbarity. The work of desolation and cruelty had commenced, and nearly half my effective force was absent, and from the time it had marched and the orders it had received from me, I had reason to believe it was nearly fifty miles distant from me. With the feeble force under my command, I did not believe there was the most distant prospect of success, in the event of a battle; and had the forces at Detroit been defeated, the fate of the detachment under M^r Arthur and Cass would have been inevitable. From the information I had received with respect to General Brock's force, there could have been little hope indeed of victory. What was, however, decisive on my mind was, my situation even in a possible event of success over his white force. I should have then been without provisions, as will appear by the evidence contained in my twentieth number; and I had no means of obtaining possession of the enemy's navy, and opening my communication over the lake. It would in this case have become a war with savages, who would have been aided by all the remaining forces of Upper Canada, and the navy on the lake. In addition to the savage force, which was with General Brock, I have

produced evidence to show that several thousands of this description were descending the lakes from the North and from the West. Had my army, however, not been divided, and had the detachment absent with M^r Arthur and Cass, equal to about one half of my effective force, been with me, or had I received the least information, that it had been in a situation where, by any possibility, it could have co-operated, I should have risked the consequences of a battle; and those officers would have had an opportunity of proving by their deeds the valor which has been only manifested by their words.

Under the circumstances which existed after the enemy landed, and no information having been obtained from M^r Arthur and Cass, I determined to send a flag of truce, open a treaty, and accept the best terms which could be obtained. For this purpose, I authorized two commissioners, Colonels Miller and Brush, to negotiate on the subject.

By the articles of capitulation, protection and safety were secured to the inhabitants of Michigan in their persons and property. All the militia, both of Michigan and Ohio, returned immediately to their homes and none were retained as prisoners excepting the few Regulars consisting then of little over two hundred. This measure, under the circumstances, was dictated in my opinion by a sense of duty and attended with less public calamity than any other which could have been adopted, and I was willing to assume, and in my official communication to the Government took, the whole responsibility of it on myself. It required more firmness and independence than any other act of my life—it was dictated by my best judgment and a conscientious regard to what I believed to be my duty, and I now sincerely rejoice, and there never has been a moment that I have not rejoiced, notwithstanding all I have suffered, that I dared thus independently to do my duty. Had that contest continued, every moment would have been attended with greater disasters, and I availed myself of the only measure in my power to put an end to such calamities. In the capitulation I made no provision for myself, and was ordered to Montreal an unconditional prisoner. A provision was made for all the officers and soldiers of the militia, and they immediately returned to their homes. Col. Cass, taking advantage of my situation after the indulgence I had procured for him, proceeded directly to Washington where he was most graciously received by the administration, and then presented an account of the campaign, before it had been possible for me to have made any communication. This letter, written by himself, giving particular details of events, of which he had no knowledge, as he was absent when they took place, was received by the administration and published as an official account in all the newspapers throughout the United States. Search, fellow citizens, the annals of history, and I am persuaded, such an outrage cannot be found. While I was a prisoner, my other officers, for whose liberation I had provided in the treaty, followed Colonel Cass to Washington, and seeing the favors and patronage he had received by his representations, imitated his example, and were not disappointed in their rewards.

From one end of the continent to the other, the same newspapers which had published Cass' letter, were filled with a series of the most scandalous falsehoods to excite your resentment against me, and before I was exchanged, and yet a prisoner, the plot, which is unfolded in my 29th number by the letter of the Secretary of War to General Dearborn, was sealed for my final destruction. As soon as General Dearborn could make arrangements for my exchange, I was arrested, capital charges were preferred against me, and a Court Martial was ordered to assemble at Philadelphia for my trial, of which Maj. Gen. Wade Hampton was appointed the President. In conformity to the orders of the President, I appeared, ready for my trial. But without any reasons being assigned, this Court Martial was dissolved in the manner I have stated. I was confined by the administration a prisoner in arrest another year, that ample time might be afforded for selecting such a Court Martial, and patronising and promoting officers, who, in their testimony, would give opinions which would effect the object of the plot, which had been formed. After thus remaining a prisoner for this length of time, which I believe is unexampled in military history, and every preparation being made, I was ordered to appear at Albany for my trial the beginning of January, 1814. At this Court Martial I requested the privilege of being heard by Counsel. The Court denied me such aid. In the progress of the trial, the opinions of witnesses were admitted as evidence to prove entire charges against me. The character of these witnesses has been fully shown. They were officers of no military knowledge or experience, and many of them deeply interested in the event of the trial, and had nothing to recommend them but the patronage and promotion they had received immediately after my unfortunate campaign, but previously to their appearing to testify against me.

The Court Martial of which General Dearborn was President, was selected the 7th day of November, 1813, during the administration of John Armstrong over the Department of War, and this Court was not dissolved until the first

of March, or the beginning of April, 1814. Thus was established a new military precedent, and it must be recorded in the history of our country, that the commander in chief of the American army, at a most critical period of the war, for about four months, relinquished his high duties as commanding General, and performed subordinate duties on a Court Martial, to which the youngest General in the army was competent. The question will naturally arise, what motive could have induced so unprecedented an arrangement? A constant correspondence was kept up between the Court Martial and the Secretary of War, and directions were given respecting the manner of proceeding. See appendix to my trial, page 29. In some of the public newspapers, it is said I am ungrateful for the lenity which Mr. Madison, the President, has shown me. As I never asked him or the Court Martial for mercy, but only for justice, I cannot feel under any obligations to either. The truth is, fellow citizens, the administration well knew your independent spirit and sense of right, and dared not execute that sentence, which injustice had pronounced. The Secretary was the same John Armstrong, who has the reputation of having commenced his career at Newburg, 1783, and ended it at Bladensburg, in 1814! The two events here alluded to are well known and must make a part of the history of our country. The one will be the highest credit to the virtue and unshaken patriotism of the revolutionary army, in resisting a most artful and insidious attempt to induce them to turn those arms against their country which had been employed in acquiring its independence. The other must stand as a monument of disgrace to those to whom the protection of the country was entrusted, and particularly to the officer at the head of the department of War, at whose disposal was placed the forces and means of national safety.

After I received the order to invade the enemy's territory, all the operations were entrusted to my discretion. This discretion was exercised according to my best judgment. The dictates of duty alone influenced my conduct. Had I consulted my feelings alone, and not been guided by this principle, I should have pursued a very different course. To perform what I then believed and what I now believe to have been my duty, it was necessary to call into exercise more firmness and more energy, than on any other occasion during my life. If it will be any satisfaction to my enemies, I am now willing to acknowledge, that I dare not do that which my best judgment and duty forbid. Considerations of personal fame, compared to duty, were as a feather in one scale to a mountain in the other.

My respect, fellow citizens, for your discernment and judgment, induces me to leave the application of the facts and evidence, contained in the preceding numbers to your own deliberations; with my sincere thanks for the candor which has been already manifested, I am, with affection and respect, your fellow citizen.

WILLIAM HULL.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

"How to Escape from a Mad Bull. If the bull pursues, throw yourself down on all fours, chuck the flap of your coat over your head, and utter a loud shout; the bull will turn on his heels, and the fright will be mutual; as to tame cows, the trick may be played with impunity; they will dance off in ludicrous curves, whisking their tails in the air, as if a bunch of nettles were close thereby abiding."

Upon these instructions the editor of the London John Bull received the subjoined letter:

"MONDAY, Sept. 6, 1824.

"DEAR JOHN—I have just read with great pleasure and edification an article in the Courier of Saturday last, which, I dare say has not escaped your notice; it is entitled, 'How to Escape from a Mad Bull.' But the instructions appear to me to be rather incomplete; for supposing the plan to have been adopted, and the body brought into the horizontal position therein recommended, it does not say which end of it is to be turned towards the bull; I presume it should be the head, for (having been bred a soldier) I think it would be very unwise to expose your rear to the enemy while both that and your flanks were uncovered. In cases of such importance as the safety of our fellow-creatures, the directions should be full and clear leaving nothing open to doubt or conjecture. Another omission is of still greater importance; the advice, as it is there worded seems intended only for men, but as the fair sex are equally liable to the danger, it is surely ungentlemanly and unkind not to think of them; and therefore I wish to ask, through your widely circulated paper, whether the writer would recommend the same mode to the ladies, and if not, that he would suggest some other, equally easy and efficacious, for their sakes. It is but the other day that we read of a countess and her sister being in great danger from the attack of a bull; that, indeed, was said to have been an Indian bull, but it is not long since an English bull, that was neither mad nor vicious, although he could not be called quite a tame one, made a run at a Queen, to the great terror of her Majesty and all her friends, and could she have escaped him by the mode advised in the Courier, I doubt not it would have been adopted without hesitation. I remain, dear John, your's sincerely, PAT."

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ADDRESS TO MY PIPE.

Come friendly Pipe and puff away
Sadness—and let not sorrow stay.
Thy cheering influence oft abounds,
While passing through earth's thirsome rounds.
When gloomy thoughts distract my mind,
Much comfort from thy fumes I find;
Like Job's smoke, 'tis thine to chase
The evil spirits from the place.
When pain and anxious cares would vex me sore,
My friendly Pipe will drive them out of door;
And dark desponding thoughts no place can find,
It turns them out, and gives them to the wind.
Thy breath is but a puff, though void of speech,
A monitor thou art, and much dost teach,
Thy cloudy curling fumes in silence say,
"Life like my smoke, will quickly pass away."
Thou soother of care and solace of woe,
Much comfort at times thy breathings bestow.

C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Republican Advocate.
ESTIMATION OF CHARACTER.

Judge not according to appearance; but judge righteous judgment, was an injunction of wisdom, and a strict adherence to this precept is in nothing more important, than in the estimation of character.

There have been instances when the most valuable persons have been traduced through malice and prejudice: men of whom the world was not worthy have been persecuted to death, and treated as the vilest miscreants upon the face of the earth. And what is more astonishing, men whose virtues and talents have shown most conspicuously, have frequently raised the envy and inveterate malice of their contemporaries. And this has been the case in every age of the world, and under every form of government.

Jesus was stilled under the triumph of his enemies; so that he, who, had twice saved Rome from destruction, was put to death as the enemy of his country.

But in no instance on record, was ever innocence and godlike virtue more maliciously opposed, than in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, in whom no fault could be found; who went about doing good; who spoke as never man spoke; whose meat and drink it was to do the will of God; he testified in truth that he sought not his own will but the will of him that sent him; whether in obedience or suffering, he said—"not my will but thine be done;" yet Jesus was considered as mad; as a gluttonous man and a wine bibber; as a friend of publicans and sinners; as a blasphemer and deceiver of the people; as under the influence of Satan; as unlearned and ignorant; as a transgressor of the divine laws; his words were misapprehended and disfigured, and his sayings so mangled as to pervert his doctrine into falsehood and inconsistency; so that finally he was accused by false witnesses and condemned by the Jewish Sanhedrim as a blasphemer. That generation were incapable of forming a just estimation of the character of him, who, was in the image of God. But do we not judge rashly and inconsistently of the Deity himself; and therefore it is no wonder if we err in our judgment of his servants and followers.

The character of Luther was so infamously traduced in Europe, that millions of simple hearted people in catholic countries considered him as an incarnate devil. He was a monster of iniquity, say the Papists, and it will yet require time for the world to have a just estimation of the character of that man of God.

The timidity of truth and the practice of virtue are so opposite to the maxims and devices of the world, that wherever it comes it turns the "world upside down;" it makes the first last, and the last first; it condemns what mankind highly esteem and it approves and exalts what men count odious and vile.

True worth is but little understood; it is a pearl which swine know not the value of, so have the saints of God been trodden under foot of man; and the chief corner stone has been rejected by the wise builders of this earth; cast away as a thing of naught, though essential to the very existence of the building.

It requires wisdom to perceive it in others and without virtue in ourselves we shall never estimate it as it deserves. The worst of men manage to get the praise of men; in all their actions this is their aim, seeking the honor of man, and verily they have their reward! But those who seek the honor that cometh from God only, must not expect the approbation of the wicked nor the praises of the proud and ignorant. Though this is highly esteemed among men, it is naught in the sight of God, and it ought to be so in the estimation of all good men. In forming our estimation of character, let us judge nothing before the time: we must require fruit and proof that it is good fruit.

AMANA.

From the Triston N. J. Emporium.

THE SILVER SIXPENCE.

"Do you see here," said a ragged little boy, to a group of young, gaily dressed urchins, as he came up from Market street wharf in Philadelphia, "do you see here I've got a silver sixpence. They all set up a hearty laugh—why said Jeremiah Budd, whose father was a wealthy shipper, I have six silver dollars to spend at Christmas—and that fellow is proud of sixpence. Theodore heard it, and looked thoughtfully at the ground for a moment—then recollecting himself "six dollars to spend," muttered he, "but sixpence to keep is better than that."

Theodore kept his sixpence in his pocket carefully wrapped up for several weeks, when one day his uncle, who kept a fruit shop at the

corner of the alley where he lived, said to him, Theodore, your sixpence don't grow in your pocket—you should plant it. The little boy understood him better when he told him that, if he pleased, he might buy some fruit in the market with it, and stand in his shop and sell it out again.

He embraced the offer; doubled his money the first day, and went on until he had as much fruit to sell as he had room for in his little corner.

His uncle observing the thrifty, and withal, honest turn of the boy, finally took him into his store, as an assistant, and allowed him to trade in sundry specified articles on his own account. The closest attention to business; the most careful management of his small funds, and that run of good luck as it is called, which generally runs with those who are saving, industrious and prudent, in the course of three or four years enabled him to go into full partnership with his uncle, and to extend the business to double its former amount.

Having trimmed his sails right at first, it had become a kind of second nature with Theodore, to keep what the sailors would call close to the wind; and he made head way astonishingly now. Soon after he was twenty-one he was able to buy out the whole stock of a dry goods merchant, and to go into that business on his own account entirely. Still he prospered; became an importer; changed, finally, his business for a wholesale concern—embarked in the India Trade; and at last married a fine girl whose fortune was little inferior to his own, and it was said after that occurrence, that he was worth no less than half a million.

Theodore now lived in an elegant mansion in Arch-street; kept his carriage and every thing in pretty style; yet attended as usual to his business. That he might never lose sight of the origin of his good fortune, the silver sixpence was blended with the arms upon his carriage—it formed the seal with which he stamped his letters, and he had one of the coins, he used to say the very identical one he first owned, fastened upon his desk in the counting room. Remembering thus constantly that by small means he had risen; he, still aimed much well bestowed charity, and in the constant practice of true even benevolence, looked well to small things, and never forgot how to reckon pence as well as pounds.

Thus smoothly were Theodore's affairs going forward, when one sultry summer's day just as he had entered his counting room, a thin, squalid figure presented itself at the counter and asked for employment. He wore a threadbare suit of black, an old hat, and his shoes were almost ready to drop from his feet. In what capacity asked Theodore, do you wish for employment? In any capacity, was the reply—but, sir, continued the stranger, wiping a tear from his eye with his coat sleeve, my father was a merchant, and he brought me up to his profession—I should therefore be glad of employment as a clerk.

Theodore looked at the man closely. He thought he saw some lineament he remembered. What is your name?—he asked. The stranger hesitated a moment; hung down his head, and replied in a low whisper—Jeremiah Budd? Ah, said Theodore, recollecting him instantly, and you have got clear of your six dollars long ago, I fancy, Jeremiah.—Yes, said Jeremiah with a sigh, but I have not forgotten the ragged little boy with the silver sixpence. Had I been half as careful of my thousands as he was of his pence, I should not have been here friendless and penniless to day.

There was a half triumphant smile on Theodore's face, as he took the hand of his visitor, which seemed to spring from much self complacent feeling, but was excusable because it arose partly from the consciousness of his ability to aid one whose imprudence had caused his misfortune, but who now appeared to see and confess his error. He took the applicant into his employ, and in process of time restored him into the business doing world, an active, prudent and valuable man.

The lesson taught in this story, is too plain to need a word in addition. I will simply ask—where is the needy man, who has not spent more money foolishly in his life, than would be necessary to make him comfortable now?

Locked Jaw.—Several years ago, during a conversation in Newport, upon that dreadful malady the Locked Jaw, an intelligent master of a vessel observed, that when he was at the Island of St. Eustatia, he heard an eminent physician remark, that he had had many cases of the Locked Jaw, and never lost a patient. On inquiry of the particular mode of treatment in which he had been so successful, the physician replied, that he directed an application of warm lye, made of ashes, as strong as possible; if the foot or hand was wounded, the same was dipped repeatedly into the lye; and if a part of the body, which could not be immersed in it, then in that case the part affected to be bathed with flannels wrung out from the warm lye. In July last, Capt. Charles Gordon, of Newport, unfortunately jumped upon a scraggy pointed stake, which perforated his foot and foot, and he was taken home in the most excruciating torture—the attending physician could afford him no relief. Providentially a lady, who heard the above conversation, recommended the warm lye bath, into which his foot was placed—within 15 minutes the anguish was taken out; he went to bed and slept quietly. The application of lye was made for ten succeeding days; no pain, no uneasy sensation returned, but what is incident to a common sore, and on the eleventh day, Captain Gordon walked abroad.

Newport Mercury.

Loss of Time.—Should the greatest part of the people sit down, and draw up a particular account of their time, what a shameful bill would it be? so much extraordinary for eating, drinking, and sleeping, beyond what nature requires; so much in revelling and wantonness; so much for the recovery of last night's intemperance; so much in paying and receiving formal impertinent visits, in idle and foolish prating, in censuring and reviling our neighbors; so much in dressing our bodies, and talking of fashions; and so much wasted and lost in doing nothing.

HUMOROUS DEPARTMENT.

Who is Delicate?—This is really a puzzling question, for we every day see things practised by the most scrupulous persons, which we should a priori consider any thing but delicate.

Are wedding visits altogether delicate? Women of the nicest virtue, such is the force of custom, see nothing in them to raise the slightest scruple. Is waiting, is opera dancing, compatible with propriety and female delicacy? We shall reply to this debatable question, by the following anecdote: When her late majesty of the Sandwich Islands visited the opera, she was rather shocked at the voluptuous and significant attitudes of some of the dancers and figurantes. Astonished at the liberal display of limb, and fearful as to what extremity the performers might be hurried into during the delirium of their movements, her majesty hinted to some of her suite the propriety of retiring: "Madam," said one of her attendants, "however repugnant it may be to your delicacy, you must stop. Do you not perceive that your retiring under the present circumstances would be the cruellest libel in the world, on all the ladies in the house. Besides it would be prudery in your majesty to affect to be shocked at an entertainment which English ladies can contemplate with so much complacency, for have we not been told over and over again, that English women are the most virtuous under the sun?"

National Prejudice.—Not many years ago, a gentleman, lately from Scotland, called on Mr. — at his seat near Boston, for whom he had some letters. While walking in his garden, abounding in excellent fruit, the latter observed, that show him what he would, his guest insisted he had seen "nauckle better in Scotland." Determined, however, to surprise him, he privately ordered his servant to tie some gourds on a tall pear tree, whilst they were at dinner. When the cloth was removed, "Now, sir," said Mr. — "I think I can show you something you never saw in Scotland," and taking him to the tree, he asked the astonished Scotchman what he thought of that. "In troth, sir," quoth he, "they are varra fine piers, indeed; but I think I have seen full as large in the duke of Argyle's gardens, though I must confess that they had na quite sic lang naicks."

A Lesson for Quarrelsome People.—M. La Motte, a gentleman of great celebrity in Paris, incurred the displeasure of a furious polemic. He was assailed by him with all that malice could invent, or credulity swallow. M. La Motte was silent. He smiled and made some trivial, but good natured remark. He persevered in his system. Again—he remained at his ease—At last the outraged fanatic, driven to extremities, published his last, with this imposing title "A reply to the silence of M. La Motte!"

Negro Wit.—Some few weeks ago, a gentleman crossed the Potomac eastward, below Bladensburg, being destined for that place. Coming to the main road, he turned to the right instead of the left. Having travelled about a mile, he overtook a black man, and inquired whether he was on the right road to Bladensburg. "Yesse, massa," was the answer, "you are on the right road to Bladensburg, but you must turn your horse's head other way, or you will never get there."

Irish Economy.—At a late Assize in Ireland, two men were condemned to be hanged. On receiving their sentence, one of them addressed the Judge, and said he had two favors to ask of him. "What are they?" said his Lordship. "Please your Honor," said Pat, "will you let me hang this man before I am hanged myself?" "What is the other request?" said the Judge. "Why please your Honor," continued Pat, "will you let my wife hang me, for she will do it more tenderly than the hang-man, and then what she will receive for the two jobs, will help the poor creature to pay her rent."

A nobleman of the "fast anchored isle," once advertised for an English servant. Fat hearing of this, applied for the situation. On being questioned of what he was, he replied "an Englishman to be sure." And where was you born? "In Dublin, surely," said Pat. Born in Dublin, replied the nobleman, and an Englishman, how can that be? "Why please your honor," said Pat, "spose a man is born in a stable, is that any reason he should be a horse?"

A sailor passing one day through the town of Liverpool, and having occasion to buy shoes, cast his eyes about in order to find out a shop in which he could suit himself to his satisfaction. He had not walked far, when he saw the words, "Adam Strong, shoemaker," in capital letters over the door. As the honest tar had not cast much of his time in the study of orthography he read it thus—"I am strong shoemaker." "This is the man for my money," said Jack, "for I want a damn strong pair of shoes."

A gentleman asked a country clergyman for the use of his pulpit for a young divine, a relation of his. "I really do not know," said the clergyman, "how to refuse you, but if the young man should preach better than me, my congregation will be dissatisfied with me afterwards; and if he should preach worse, I don't think he's fit to preach at all."

Simplicity.—A countryman giving evidence in a court, was asked by the counsel, if he was born in Ireland? "No Sir," (answered the man) I was born in Devonshire."

"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said a school-master to a country boy—"Because he had no knife," replied the boy.

The Bishop of Dorsetshire had a slovenly custom of keeping one hand always in his breeches, and being one day to bring a bill into the house of Peers, relating to a provision for officers' widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other, as usual, in his breeches; and beginning to speak, I have something in my hand, my Lords, said he, for the benefit of officers' widows—Upon which the Duke of Wharton immediately interrupting him, asked, In which hand, my Lord?

A remarkable marriage was recently celebrated at Bordeaux. The bride had reached her 85th year, and the bridegroom his 70th; united ages 160 years!

When the Duke de Nivernoise, who was a little thin man, arrived in London, (in 1764,) Mr. Charles Townsend observed, that the French had sent the preliminaries of a man to sign the preliminaries of peace.

A German journalist, in translating an article lately from an English paper, announced that a certain English nobleman amused himself every morning before breakfast by killing a number of peasants on his estate; upon which fact he entered into a long diatribe against the English nobility.

A gentleman on circuit, narrating to Lord Northbury some extravagant feats in the sporting way, mentioned, amongst other achievements, that he had lately shot 33 hares before breakfast. "Thirty-three hares!" exclaimed his lordship, "wounds, Sir, then you must have been firing at a wig."

Misery.—Being obliged to quit a comfortable party, to attend a crabbed old maid to her lodgings, two miles off. [A deep sigh, and 365 groans.]

SALE AT AUCTION.

OXFORD, ss. TAKEN by execution and will be sold at Public Auction on the twenty-fifth of November next, at the dwelling house of ABIGAIL OSGOOD, in Fryeburg in said county, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right which CALEB WARREN has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz: certain tracts or parcels of Land, situate in Denmark, in said County, numbered forty, forty-two, fifty-two, and fifty-five ac.—the foot of Pleasant Mountain.—Also, Lot numbered one, second part on which said Warren's farm stands, and Lot numbered three on which his house formerly stood.—The above named Lots are estimated to contain four hundred and forty-five acres, be the same more or less.

Said described real estate is mortgaged to secure the payment of two hundred seventy one dollars and five cents—as appears by said Warren's mortgage deed to Oliver Griswold and James Weston, dated December first eighteen hundred and eighteen. Terms made known at the time and place of sale, A. McALLAN, Deputy Sheriff, Fryeburg, November 20th, 1834.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss. WHEREAS warrants have been issued from Henry Rust, Esq. Treasurer of said County of Oxford, and have been committed to me, against the following unimproved Tracts and Townships of LAND, situated in said County, for the County tax assessed thereon, for the year 1833, as follows, viz:

TRACTS.	Amount of Tax.
Township Letter 1,	\$0 70
do. No. 1, Letter A,	50 70
do. No. 2, Letter A,	9 30
do. No. 4, Range 4,	7 30
do. No. 3, Range 3,	6 30
do. Letter B,	9 30
do. No. 4,	6 30
do. No. 7,	7 24
Hamlin's Grant,	53
Andover Surplus, North,	3 95

Now, therefore, I give notice, that unless said taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, I shall, pursuant to said warrants, sell at Public Auction, at the Court House, in Paris, in said County, on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth day of January next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said several Tracts of LAND, as will discharge the taxes and intervening charges on each of them respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of said County. Dated at Hebron, this 25th day of November, 1834. (6w* 22)

COLLEGE LANDS.

FOR SALE, by the subscriber, the following lots of LAND, belonging to Harvard College, viz:

IN FRYEBURG.		
Lot 44,	1st Division,	58 acres.
" 22,	2nd do.	51 do.
" 10,	3d do.	50 do.
" 18,	5th do.	about 75 do.

IN LIVERMORE.		
Lot 70,	100 acres.	Lot 149, 100 acres.
IN REFORM.		
Lot 16,	1st Division,	80 acres.
" 33,	2nd do.	100 do.
" 47,	3d do.	148 do.

IN JAY.		
Lot 8,	13th range,	100 acres.
IN BETHEL.		
Lot 13,	9th range,	100 acres.
" 13,	10th "	100 "

PRENTISS MELLE, Agent. Portland, Nov. 1, 1834. Jan 1

HORACE SEAYER,

Chambers over No's. 1 and 3, Mitchell's Building, PORTLAND.

(Entrance at No. 2.)

HAS JUST RECEIVED, on consignment, a large assortment of

American, English, French, and India GOODS—such as:

Bales brown SHIRTING and SHEETING;
Do. Bleached do. do;
Do. Washington TICKING;
Do. Northbridge and Wrentham do;
Do. PLAIDS, STRIPES and CHECKS;
Do. Cotton YARN, all numbers;
Do. BATTING, for Comforters;

70 Pieces SATINETTS, blue, drab and mixed;
30 do. BROADCLOTHS and CASSIMERES;
50 do. FLANNELS, assorted colors;
150 do. BOMBAZETTS, assorted colors, figs and plain;

100 do. American CALICOES;
200 do. English do.
do. 4-4 French do.

Gorman and Flag Handkerchiefs.—Cotton Flags, and Madras do; Merino, silk and cotton Shawls; Black, blue and green silk Velvet; Black and Velvet and silk Vesting; Valencia do; Caracul Plaids; Black sewing Silk; Boxes Gauze; Fig's, Plaid, and Taffeta Ribbons; Galoons; 100 gross Fancy Silk Buttons; Black, Saranets; Green France; Black, Drab and Green Lavantines; Red Striped and Fig'd Gros de Naples; Sewing Cottons, all numbers and colors; Boxes Cotton Balls; Knitting Cottons; 300 gross Glass and Metal Buttons; Writing, Wrapping, Printing, Sheathing, and Book Paper; Binders and Bantbox Boards; Looking Glasses; Men's Women's and Children's Shoes and Leather SHOES; which will be sold at such prices as cannot fail to please.

Oct. 30. 13

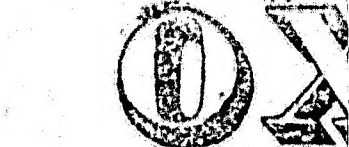
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GOODS.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

HAS just received, and offers for sale, at retail prices for cash,

Bombazetts, various colors and prices; Carolina and Scotch Plaids; Cassimeres and Imitation Shawls; Silk and Cotton Handkerchiefs; Taffeta Vests; Spawham and Lustrous Silks; Naalins, Cantons and Italian Crapes; Cape Dresses; Ribbons, a large variety; French Braids; Silk and Kid Gloves; Cotton and Worsted Hosiery; Black and colored Sewing Silk and Twist; Real treble gilt Coat and Vest Buttons; cheap Coat and Vest ditto; Glass and gilt Buttons; Waist Buckles; Claps; Snaps; Hooks and Eyes, &c. &c.

Also—Green, red and yellow Flannels; Satinets; Sheetings; Shirtings; Ginghams; Bedtickings; Cotton Yarn, warranted good, or no sale; Knitting; Wicking, &c. &c. Nov. 11.



VOLUME I.

POETRY.

BLUE DEVIL.

Ye saucy elves, whose'er
Or blue, or black I do see,
I will not have you dance
About my noddy.

Some call you "Fapours,"
But of all the grimester
Which men afflict with bl
Ye are the forem

Fay, Mr. Blue Devil, whe
From your own smoky, sti
Where sinners' ghosts, an
Just like yourself

When men are dry castle
When they're golden,
And to their golden fanci
Ye crack their visi

Your gloom, ye mingle w
Ye vooe their joys, with f
And make men think the
A drossy bauble.

When raptures bright the
Close by, with cleren foot,
And with your blooly lit
Give them a stabbl

When brisk with wine, the
And full of bliss, ye rais
Such woeal look, and long
Ye fright our cons

When we with love and pi
Ye will with frightful visi
And bid the villain, faul
In all our goings.

When we the thread of o
And life's sweet honest co
Ye call this sportive gam
And clip the threa

No pills or drops will cur
No stones, to dust can ev
Nor deadly poison ever t
With pangs of dyl

If worthless elf, ye thrus
In, to disturb my sweet re
Pill bang your head with
That you will rue

I'll raise my cag of "O"
I'll lay it round your ears
That you shall cry enoug
Of such like drub

I'll simmer every ounce y
I'll make you sup most be
In all the pangs of keen
That flesh is heil

If ye shall near me throw
I'll kick you headlong do
Till you shall wonder at
Of your sad down

And when within my ven
Ye put your pate, a wofe
I'll give your nose, and h
In regions airt.

Like Salem witch, I'll ju
And to a thorny saddle b
Then through earth's rou
Till ye look sorry.

For provender I'll give y
O'er red hot bridges mak
Till ye can neither cha
As ye are us'd to.

Fly then, Blue Devil—se
Or racks shall set your h
And give your bones a he
With fit of ague.

RECAPITULATION OF

[Concluded from

FROM THE

Memoirs of the Campaign

own Army in

The effort to open the
the detachments under L
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the one under Col. McArt

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On the 15th of August
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British forces, with the
attending them, marchin

which, opposite to Detroit
their head. His letter.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1824.

Number 24.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

BLUE DEVILS.

Ye saucy elves, whose'er ye are,
Or blue, or black I do not care,
I will not have you dance in air
About my noddie.

Some call you "Fapours," some the "Horror,"
But of all the grimest terrors
Which men afflict with bitter sorrows,
Ye are the foremost.

Far, Mr. Blue Devil, whence you come?
From your own smoky, stinking home?
Where sinners' ghosts, and such folks roam,
Just like yourself?

When men are airy castles building,
When they their golden joys are gilding,
And to their golden fancies yielding,
Ye crack their visions.

Your gloom, ye mingle with their pleasure;
Ye woe their joys, with fullest measure,
And make men think their shining treasure
A drossy bauble.

When raptures bright the bosom work,
Close by, with cloven foot, ye'll lurk,
And with your bloody little dirk
Give them a stabbing.

When brisk with wine, the dance we're joining,
And full of bliss, ye raised such whining,
Such wail look, and long repining,
Ye fright our conscience.

When we with love and pleasure please us,
Ye will with frightful visions tease us,
And bid the villain, fauce, seize us,
In all our goings.

When we the thread of joy are spinning
And life's sweet honey-comb are winning,
Ye call this sportive game, a sinning,
And clip the thread off.

No pills or drops will cure or kill you,
No stones, to dust can ever mill you,
Nor deadly poison ever thrill you,
With pangs of dying.

If, worthless elf, ye thrust your nose
In, to disturb my sweet repose,
I'll bang your head with such thick blows,
That you will rue it.

I'll seize my bag of "O-be-joyful,"
I'll lay it round your ears so woful,
That you shall cry enough, a maw full
Of such like drubbing.

I'll simmer every ounce your marrow,
I'll make you sup most bitter sorrow
In all the pangs of keenest horror,
"That flesh is heir to."

If ye shall near me throw your carcass,
I'll kick you headlong down the staircase
Till you shall wonder at so rare case
Of your sad downfall.

And when within my vengeance wreaking
Ye put your pate, a woful weaking,
I'll give your nose, and hang you reeking
In regions airy.

Like Salem witch, I'll jump astride you,
And to a thorny saddle bride you,
Then through earth's roughest tumble ride you,
Till ye look sorry.

For provender I'll give you gravel,
O'er red hot bridges make you travel,
Till ye can neither cheat nor cavil,
As ye are us'd to.

Fly then, Blue Devil—save your bacon,
Or racks shall set your heart to aching,
And give your bones a horrid quaking
With fit ofague.

CIMON.

RECAPITULATION OF HULL'S LETTERS.

[Concluded from our last.]

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

Memoirs of the Campaign of the North West-
ern Army in 1812.

The effort to open the communication by the detachments under Major Vanhorne and Colonel Miller, proving abortive, and before the one under Col. M'Arthur marched, I stated, to some of my principal officers, that from the information I had received, it was evident that the whole force of the enemy, of all descriptions, from the east part of Upper Canada, from Michillimackinac, and from Lake Michigan, were proceeding to join the forces at Malden; that the lake was closed against us; that the road which we had opened from Ohio was obstructed by hostile savages, and that no forces from our country were prepared for its prosecution; that the provisions were nearly exhausted, and a supply could not be obtained from any quarter; and that, under these circumstances I suggested the expediency of making a movement of the army to the foot of the rapids of the Miami, and there act as circumstances might require. The answer to this was, as appears by Col. Cass' testimony, that the men, or soldiers, did not think such a measure necessary, and if the orders were given they would not be observed.

This circumstance I have repeated to show the materials of which my army was composed, and the difficulties which attended my situation. Had this measure, at that time, been carried into effect, the army probably would have been saved.

On the 15th of August, the day after M'Arthur and Cass marched to the river Raisin, the British forces, with the militia and savages attending them, marched from Malden to Sandwich, opposite to Detroit, with Gen. Brock at their head. His letter, demanding surrender

of Detroit, and my answers have been recited. I immediately sent an express, strongly escorted, to M'Arthur and Cass, with orders to return with all possible expedition to Detroit; stating that Gen. Brock had arrived with the reinforcements from Fort George, &c. &c. My situation had now become most critical. The effective strength of two of my regiments was absent at the river Raisin, for the purpose of opening the communication, and guarding necessary supplies, intended for my camp. The British troops which had composed the garrisons on the east end of the lake, with the reinforcements from the various parts of Upper Canada, had arrived, and, together with the forces at Malden, were now encamped at Sandwich, opposite to Detroit. Information was received, that the Canadian militia were coming upon me from every quarter. The force had been brought from so many necessary points of defence to bear upon my army, I could not imagine. What possible reasons could have induced General Brock to draw his troops from the vital part of his province, and leave his most important posts exposed to be taken by our troops on the Niagara river, was truly mysterious. Could I have supposed that a suspension of hostilities had taken place in that quarter, it seems reasonable that it would have been under the condition for the two belligerent parties to have been confined to that location in which they were situated at the commencement of the truce.

By a reference to the preceding numbers, it will appear, by the letter from the Secretary of War to General Dearborn, that he was commanded by the President to concentrate his troops on the Niagara river, invade Upper Canada from that quarter, attack the enemy's posts, and co-operate with the forces under my command. It will further appear, that he did not carry these orders into effect, but agreed to the armistice which has been mentioned, which must have been authorised by the President, because it was disapproved in the most pointed language. My army not being included in the measure, and, as has been observed, no condition having been made, that the troops should remain in the situation they were, during its continuance, the effect it had on my operations is too evident to be here repeated; it must be considered as the principal and immediate fatal cause of the disasters of the campaign.

After the capitulation, I first learned from the lips of the British commander the true state of the case—that the army of General Dearborn had been eight days in operation, and that that circumstance alone had enabled him to bring such a force against me.

Early in the morning of the 16th August, General Brock landed his force at the Spring Wells, three miles below Detroit, under cover of the guns of his navy. From the date of the facts contained in the two numbers I have mentioned, I presume you must be satisfied, that his effective force was more than three times greater than mine, and that he might have brought to his standard more than ten times my number, before I could have received any assistance. This will appear, from the knowledge of the numbers which originally composed my army, by the killed and wounded in the battles which had been fought, by sickness and a variety of other casualties, and likewise from the return of the Adjutant General, Major Jessup, and the testimony of Colonel Cass. Being at this time not only the General of the Army but the Governor of the Territory, and without instructions, as to the course I should pursue, all the measures were entrusted to my discretion. Being responsible for the safety of the inhabitants, it became my duty, if it was possible, to adopt such measures as would effect that object.

My situation was such, that there was no possibility of affording the inhabitants protection, further than the balls from the cannon in the fort could be carried. These inhabitants were scattered over a territory of several hundred miles. The savages had invaded every part of this territory, and while the contest lasted, there was nothing which could restrain their barbarity. The work of desolation and cruelty had commenced, and nearly half my effective force was absent, and from the time it had marched and the orders it had received from me, I had reason to believe it was nearly fifty miles distant from me. With the feeble force under my command, I did not believe there was the most distant prospect of success, in the event of a battle; and had the forces at Detroit been defeated, the fate of the detachment under M'Arthur and Cass would have been inevitable. From the information I had received with respect to General Brock's force, there could have been little hope indeed of victory. What was, however, decisive on my mind was, my situation even in a possible event of success over his white force. I should have then been without provisions, as will appear by the evidence contained in my twentieth number; and I had no means of obtaining possession of the enemy's navy, and opening my communication over the lake. It would in this case have become a war with savages, who would have been aided by all the remaining forces of Upper Canada, and the navy on the lake. In addition to the savage force, which was with General Brock, I have

produced evidence to show that several thousands of this description were descending the lakes from the North and from the West. Had my army, however, not been divided, and had the detachment absent with M'Arthur and Cass, equal to about one half of my effective force, been with me, or had I received the least information, that it had been in a situation where, by any possibility, it could have co-operated, I should have risked the consequences of a battle; and those officers would have had an opportunity of proving by their deeds the valor which has been only manifested by their words.

Under the circumstances which existed after the enemy landed, and no information having been obtained from M'Arthur and Cass, I determined to send a flag of truce, open a treaty, and accept the best terms which could be obtained. For this purpose, I authorized two commissioners, Colonels Miller and Brush, to negotiate on the subject.

By the articles of capitulation, protection and safety were secured to the inhabitants of Michigan in their persons and property. All the militia, both of Michigan and Ohio, returned immediately to their homes and none were retained as prisoners excepting the few Regulars consisting then of little over two hundred. This measure, under the circumstances, was dictated in my opinion by a sense of duty and attended with less public calamity than any other which could have been adopted, and I was willing to assume, and in my official communication to the Government took, the whole responsibility of it on myself. It required more firmness and independence than any other act of my life—it was dictated by my best judgment and a conscientious regard to what I believed to be my duty, and I now sincerely rejoice, and there never has been a moment that I have not rejoiced, notwithstanding all I have suffered, that I dared thus independently to do my duty. Had that contest continued, every moment would have been attended with greater disasters, and I availed myself of the only measure in my power to put an end to such calamities. In the capitulation I made no provision for myself, and was ordered to Montreal an unconditional prisoner. A provision was made for all the officers and soldiers of the militia, and they immediately returned to their homes. Col. Cass, taking advantage of my situation after the indulgence I had procured for him, proceeded directly to Washington where he was most graciously received by the administration, and then presented an account of the campaign, before it had been possible for me to have made any communication. This letter, written by himself, giving particular details of events, of which he had no knowledge, as he was absent when they took place, was received by the administration and published as an official account in all the newspapers throughout the United States. Search, fellow citizens, the annals of history, and I am persuaded, such an outrage cannot be found! While I was a prisoner, my other officers, for whose liberation I had provided in the treaty, followed Colonel Cass to Washington, and seeing the favors and patronage he had received by his representations, imitated his example, and were not disappointed in their rewards.

From one end of the continent to the other, the same newspapers which had published Cass' letter, were filled with a series of the most scandalous falsehoods to excite your resentment against me, and before I was exchanged, and yet a prisoner, the plot, which is unfolded in my 29th number by the letter of the Secretary of War to General Dearborn, was sealed for my final destruction. As soon as General Dearborn could make arrangements for my exchange, I was arrested, capital charges were preferred against me, and a Court Martial was ordered to assemble at Philadelphia for my trial, of which Maj. Gen. Wade Hampton was appointed the President. In conformity to the orders of the President, I appeared, ready for my trial. But without any reasons being assigned, this Court Martial was dissolved in the manner I have stated. I was continued by the administration a prisoner in arrest another year, that ample time might be afforded for selecting such a Court Martial, and patronising and promoting officers, who, in their testimony, would give opinions which would effect the object of the plot, which had been formed. After thus remaining a prisoner for this length of time, which I believe is unexampled in military history, and every preparation being made, I was ordered to appear at Albany for my trial the beginning of January, 1814. At this Court Martial I requested the privilege of being heard by Counsel. The Court denied me such aid. In the progress of the trial, the opinions of witnesses were admitted as evidence to prove entire charges against me. The character of these witnesses has been fully shown. They were officers of no military knowledge or experience, and many of them deeply interested in the event of the trial, and had nothing to recommend them but the patronage and promotion they had received immediately after my unfortunate campaign, but previously to their appearing to testify against me.

The Court Martial of which General Dearborn was President, was selected the 7th day of November, 1813, during the administration of John Armstrong over the Department of War, and this Court was not dissolved until the first

of March, or the beginning of April, 1814. Thus was established a new military precedent, and it must be recorded in the history of our country, that the commander in chief of the American army, at a most critical period of the war, for about four months, relinquished his high duties as commanding General, and performed subordinate duties on a Court Martial, to which the youngest General in the army was competent. The question will naturally arise, what motive could have induced so unprecedented an arrangement? A constant correspondence was kept up between the Court Martial and the Secretary of War, and directions were given respecting the manner of proceeding. See appendix to my trial, page 29. In some of the public newspapers, it is said I am ungrateful for the lenity which Mr. Madison, the President, has shown me. As I never asked him or the Court Martial for mercy, but only for justice, I cannot feel under any obligations to either. The truth is, fellow citizens, the administration well knew your independent spirit and sense of right, and dared not execute that sentence, which injustice had pronounced. The Secretary was the same John Armstrong, who has the reputation of having commenced his career at Newburg, 1783, and ended it at Bladensburg, in 1814! The two events here alluded to are well known and must make a part of the history of our country. The one will be the highest credit to the virtue and unshaken patriotism of the revolutionary army, in resisting a most artful and insidious attempt to induce them to turn those arms against their country which had been employed in acquiring its independence. The other must stand as a monument of disgrace to those to whom the protection of the country was entrusted, and particularly to the officer at the head of the department of War, at whose disposal was placed the forces and means of national safety.

After I received the order to invade the enemy's territory, all the operations were entrusted to my discretion. This discretion was exercised according to my best judgment. The dictates of duty alone influenced my conduct. Had I consulted my feelings alone, and not been guided by this principle, I should have pursued a very different course. To perform what I then believed and what I now believe to have been my duty, it was necessary to call into exercise more firmness and more energy, than on any other occasion during my life. If it will be any satisfaction to my enemies, I am now willing to acknowledge, that I dare not do that which my best judgment and duty forbid. Considerations of personal fame, compared to duty, were as a feather in one scale to a mountain in the other.

My respect, fellow citizens, for your discernment and judgment, induces me to leave the application of the facts and evidence, contained in the preceding numbers to your own deliberations; with my sincere thanks for the candor which has been already manifested, I am, with affection and respect, your fellow citizen.

WILLIAM HULL.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

"How to Escape from a Mad Bull. If the bull pursues, throw yourself down on all fours, chuck the flap of your coat over your head, and utter a loud shout; the bull will turn on his heels, and the fight will be mutual; as to tame cows, the trick may be played with impunity; they will dance off in ludicrous curves, whisking their tails in the air, as if a bunch of nettles were close thereby abiding."

Upon these instructions the editor of the London John Bull received the subjoined letter:

"MONDAY, Sept. 6, 1824.

"DEAR JOHN—I have just read with great pleasure and edification an article in the Courier of Saturday last, which, I dare say has not escaped your notice; it is entitled, 'How to Escape from a Mad Bull.' But the instructions appear to me to be rather incomplete; for supposing the plan to have been adopted, and the body brought into the horizontal position therein recommended, it does not say which end of it is to be turned towards the bull; I presume it should be the head, for (having been bred a soldier) I think it would be very unwise to expose your rear to the enemy while both that and your flanks were uncovered. In cases of such importance as the safety of our fellow-creatures, the directions should be full and clear leaving nothing open to doubt or conjecture. Another omission is of still greater importance; the advice, as it is there worded seems intended only for men, but as the fair sex are equally liable to the danger, it is surely ungallant and unkind not to think of them; and therefore I wish to ask, through your widely circulated paper, whether the writer would recommend the same mode to the ladies, and if not, that he would suggest some other, equally easy and efficacious, for their sakes. It is but the other day that we read of a countess and her sister being in great danger from the attack of a bull; that, indeed, was said to have been an Indian bull, but it is not long since an English bull, that was neither mad nor vicious, although he could not be called quite a tame one, made a run at a Queen, to the great terror of her Majesty and all her friends, and could she have escaped him by the mode advised in the Courier, I doubt not it would have been adopted without hesitation. I remain, dear John, yours sincerely,

FAT."

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 16, 1824.

In casting our eye over the different papers which we receive, there is nothing discoverable of a general nature to excite the attention. Our foreign news is not in a particular manner interesting. In Spain arrests, imprisonments, and assassinations, seem to be the order of the day—conspiracy and treachery are manifested among almost all ranks—and, in fact, Spain now presents a spectacle of anarchy, tumult, and uproar; which perhaps may eventuate in a revolution—indeed, we should not be surprised if our next information should prove this conjecture true.

France appears quiet and tranquil—the government of the new King is growing popular; but it is to be recollected that the French as a nation are pleased with new things—and, notwithstanding the present favorable indications, perhaps all may not be sound at the bottom—they may yet grow dissatisfied and uneasy.

As to our own country, "peace and plenty" seem "to bear rule." From all quarters, we hear but a confirmation of this assertion; all appear to be graciously provided for: and generally the "burden of their song" is, "where shall we bestow our goods," for we "have enough and to spare." But observations like these excite no interest of consequence. Were we to be the first to announce the successful candidate for the Presidency, how eager would be our subscribers, and even others, to get a peep at our paper. Thus, we see, that while the seasons move on in the uninterrupted march of time, and Autumn comes and heaps upon us its bountiful treasures, we are unwakened to interest, in a general way, and perhaps but few feel sufficiently grateful in heart to God for his abundant goodness in "crowning the year with his loving kindness"—while, at the same time, our feelings are excited to a great degree by things of minor importance.

We have had put into our hands, a pamphlet of "Disclosures," relating to "Violations and Excesses" of the laws of the United States, during the nonintercourse and the last War with Great Britain.

Admitting the truth of the allegations alleged in this pamphlet, it places the "King" at once, in the light of a very bad man; and shews the noted "Hill" to be in rather a sinking condition, we should suppose, or, at least, growing smaller as to the intrinsic value of his honesty and patriotism.

For our own part we are glad to see "rogues fall out, for then honest men get their rights." We have frankly to acknowledge, that our opinion was never in favor of "Kisses," and especially such as profess one thing and practice another. It will be recollected by many of our readers, that during the Embargo and the last War, General King was an advocate, and avowed supporter, both of the War and of the Embargo; and, at the same time, according to the statements given in the pamphlet, a violator of that same Embargo, and administered aid to the British during the War. And not only so, but even since that time, he has violated the Constitution of this State knowingly, as we believe. Such was the confidence placed in him by the delegates, who framed this Constitution, that no man could be found fit for a President of the Convention, other than the Hon. WILLIAM KING, of Bath; and then of all the good men in the State, none but him was worthy of the first office in the gift of the people. This same King subsequently accepted an office under the United States, holding at the same time that of Governor of this State.

Relative to the charges contained in the pamphlet in question, however, our wish is, to

"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice."

but we do really hope that they may receive a thorough investigation, in the spirit of candor and fairness; and, then, the result, whatever it may be, shall be laid before our readers.

We have heretofore called the attention of our readers to the "value of newspapers." The following remarks are copied from the *New Bedford Mercury*. We hope they may be read with interest; for a newspaper, well conducted, is certainly a benefit to society. How far ours merits the appellation, we leave our indulgent readers to judge.

"VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS. If the long continuance of a custom can entitle it to receive the approbation and sanction of the public, that of mankind's recommending the articles they have to dispose of, must long ago have been fully established. Many are the paragraphs which have been written to inform the readers of newspapers, that the money expended for them, and the time occupied in reading them, should never be causes of regret. We know of no paper that can be justly called the *circle of science*; and on the other hand, we know of none so poor, that fifty-two of them are not worth two dollars. No man, who gives four cents for a little book to amuse his child, which does not contain half so much reading as one column of a newspaper, will suspect that he has parted with his money imprudently; but how many will draw their purse strings still closer, when a proposition is made to pay the same trifling sum for a newspaper! When the understanding is addressed, plain truths serve best to elucidate the subject; and the following story is substantially true:

In a pleasant little village in New-England, lived two brothers, Edward and Henry. Although their dispositions were in many respects

similar, in one they were essentially different.—Edward had a thirst to acquire information; while Henry seemed regardless of knowing any thing beyond the immediate sphere of his action. Thus disposed, you can easily imagine the contrast between them when they arrived at manhood. As they were nearly of an age, there was not much difference in the time of their marrying. If Edward obtained an amiable wife in consequence of having his mind well stored with useful information; Henry's personal appearance secured to him a partner of equal merit. And now, we are coming to the point. Those two marriages were crowned with a numerous off-spring. As soon as Edward's children could read, (and they were instructed at an early age) they had free access to several public journals; which not only gave them a little fund of knowledge on a variety of subjects, but operated as an incitement to investigate more minutely, in books, many subjects which had been only briefly noticed in the papers.

Many years ago, when on a visit to the village, and while at the house of Henry, a gentleman called to ask his name as a subscriber to a new paper, about to be established in Boston. Henry replied, that he had never found time to read newspapers. But, said the solicitor, your children have leisure to peruse them. Very true, said Henry, but I cannot afford to take them. Observing the children's eyes sparkle with hope, when the gentleman appeared to interest himself on their behalf, we were on the point of paying the subscription money, that their wishes might be gratified; but recollecting that Henry was in easy circumstances, and fearing that the procedure would give offence, our generosity was repressed. We cast our eyes upon the list of names obtained, and saw Edward's, though he was before a subscriber to three different papers.

Several years after, when paying a second visit to the village, we found the sons of Edward intelligent and manly in conversation, and affable in their manners. The sons of Henry could only make a few rough and grovelling remarks, and were rude and disgusting in their demeanour. In the countenance of each was legibly seen the index of folly. The last news we received from the village, Edward's oldest son was an intelligent farmer; his next was a respectable trader; his third was profitably engaged in manufactures; and his youngest was studying law. And here we would gladly finish the story; but duty forbids. Henry's first son was a corporal in the militia; his second was a horse-jockey; his third was a fiddler; and his fourth bid fair for making nothing at all."

CURIOUSITY. Of all the hard names, that have met our eye, or that we have ever endeavored to make up a mouth to pronounce, the following, which we found in the *Manufacturers and Farmers' Journal*, of Providence, R. I. in an advertisement, is certainly the chief. It is thus spelled—"ALDEVARONTEPHOSFORNIA BOWEN." We confess, we do not know whether to class the owner thereof under the masculine or feminine gender. Our readers must judge for themselves.

The following, which we extract from the *Watersville Intelligencer*, if true, will show what may be accomplished by decision and perseverance, even by a female. As the farm is said to have been purchased in this County, some of our readers may be acquainted with the facts stated.

"BENEVOLENCE OF A DAUGHTER.—In 1816, the family of Mr. A. in this County were reduced to difficult, and almost distressing circumstances. The family consisted of seven, the parents and five children, two of whom are deaf and dumb. The oldest daughter engaged in a school in 1816, which she taught to the satisfaction of the district. While keeping this school she was hopefully brought to the knowledge of the truth, and united with the Baptist Church in Mt. V.—She thought much of the situation of her father's family, and wished to do something from her small earnings for their comfort; and as those who wish to do good can generally find an opportunity, so she was soon able to put her benevolent designs in execution. A small farm in the County of Oxford, containing fifty or sixty acres, under some improvement, having a house, barn, orchard, &c. she purchased for three hundred dollars, gave her notes and took a bond for a deed. These notes she paid annually as they became due, fifty dollars a year and interest. The family went on to the farm, but being in low circumstances, she annually paid the taxes, bought the most of her clothes, shoes, &c. with her own earnings. She paid her last note and took her deed last June.

She has now a farm for the family to live on, and has bought near forty dollars worth of young stock, which she put on to it, with some sheep; and a few weeks ago was in debt but twenty-one dollars for all her purchases; and had \$19.50 due her for keeping school. She had been sick with a fever which cost her about twelve dollars. But whether in prosperity or adversity, she seemed to view the hand of God in all the events of his providence, as will appear by the following extract of a letter she wrote to one of her correspondents, dated Aug. 14th, 1821.

"Respecting my farm (to answer your request) it is five years ago last April since I made the contract; I agreed to pay \$300 and the interest which has amounted to a considerable sum. I have paid \$50 a year, and I think I have been tolerably prudent, for I had only about \$50 due to me when I purchased, and now, very often, when I think of it, it makes me tremble to think what an undertaking. But

I always had faith to believe I should be helped through with it. I have been wonderfully blessed by that Being who orders all things well. He has blessed me with health, with schools, and some very kind friends. Thanks to his name for all his kindness to me; blessed and praised be his name for his mercy endureth forever."

Appointment. Gen. James Miller of New-Hampshire, and late Governor of the Arkansas Territory, has been appointed, by the President of the U. S. Collector of the Customs for the District of Salem and Beverly.

By the politeness of the Hon. E. LEXCEL, the member of Congress from this District, we have received from Washington, the *PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE*, on an extra half sheet. Its great length precludes the possibility of giving it to our readers this week—but we shall endeavor to present it entire in our next. It was delivered on Tuesday of last week.

The Court Martial sitting at New-York, has sentenced Lieut. William A. Weaver, of the United States Navy, to be cashiered, and the President of the U. S. has approved the sentence of the Court.

The Senate Board of this State is full, as appears by the following Official List of Votes, returned into the Office of the Secretary of State:

IN THE COUNTY OF YORK.
Whole number of votes legally returned, 5,047
Necessary to make a choice, 2,524
Joseph Prime, Esq. of Berwick, 2,523
George Scammon, Esq. of Saco, 2,571
John U. Parsons, Esq. of Parsonsfield, 2,406
Chosen.

IN THE COUNTY OF CAMBERLAND.
Whole number of votes legally returned, 3,601
Necessary to make a choice, 1,801
Robert H. Dunlap, Esq. of Brunswick, 2,400
James C. Churchill, Esq. of Portland, 2,353
Josiah Dunn, Jr. Esq. of Poland, 2,214
Chosen.

No return from Thompson Pond Plantation.

IN THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN.
Whole number of votes legally returned, 2,436
Necessary to make a choice, 1,218
Stephen Parsons, Esq. of Edgecomb, 1,772
Jonas Wheeler, Esq. of Calais, 1,602
Nathaniel Green, Esq. of Topsham, 1,490
Josiah Stebbins, Esq. of Abna, 1,446
Chosen.

No returns from the town of Hope and the plantation of Montville.

IN THE COUNTY OF HANCOCK.
Whole number of votes legally returned, 1,552
Necessary to make a choice, 776
Samuel Whitney, Esq. of Brooks, 906
Mark Shepard, Esq. of Surry, 926
Chosen.

IN THE COUNTY OF WASHINGTON.
Whole number of votes legally returned, 906
Necessary to make a choice, 453
James Campbell, Esq. of Harrington, 820
Chosen.

IN THE COUNTY OF KENNEBEC.
Whole number of votes legally returned, 2,505
Necessary to make a choice, 1,253
Joseph Fairbanks, Esq. of Farmington, 2,405
Joseph Southwick, Esq. of Vassalboro, 1,610
Joshua Lord, Esq. of Gardiner, 1,770
Chosen.

The return from the town of Wayne not seasonably made.

IN THE COUNTY OF OXFORD.
Whole number of votes legally returned, 1,599
Necessary to make a choice, 800
Cornelius Holland, Esq. of Canton, 1,003
James W. Ripley, Esq. of Fryeburg, 915
Chosen.

IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET.
Whole number of votes legally returned, 1,701
Necessary to make a choice, 851
Jonas Parlin, Jr. Esq. of Norridgewock, 1,029
Chosen.

No return from the town of Pittsfield.

IN THE COUNTY OF PENOBSCOT.
Whole number of votes legally returned, 1,421
Necessary to make a choice, 711
Joseph Keelsey, Esq. of Guilford, 1,130
Chosen.

RETURNS OF PRESIDENTIAL VOTES.

The below list exhibits all the States that we have as yet received returns from in an authentic manner. But from what we can learn from the papers, it is now pretty generally believed, that Adams, Jackson and Crawford will go into the House of Representatives as the Constitutional candidates. The official returns, however, may shew the result to be different.

States.	No. of Electors.	Adams.	Crawford.	Jackson.	Chosen.
Maine	9	9	0	0	0
New-Hampshire	8	8	0	0	0
Massachusetts	15	15	0	0	0
Rhode Island	4	4	0	0	0
Connecticut	8	8	0	0	0
Vermont	7	7	0	0	0
New York	36	26	5	1	4
New Jersey	6	0	0	0	0
Pennsylvania	23	0	0	23	0
Delaware	3	1	2	0	0
Maryland	11	3	1	7	0
Virginia	24	0	21	0	0
North Carolina	15	0	0	15	0
South Carolina	11	0	0	0	0
Georgia	9	0	0	0	0
Kentucky	11	0	0	0	0
Tennessee	11	0	0	0	0
Ohio	16	0	0	0	0
Indiana	5	0	0	0	0
Illinois	3	0	0	0	0
Missouri	3	0	0	0	0
Mississippi	3	0	0	0	0
Louisiana	5	0	0	0	0
Alabama	5	0	0	0	0
Total	261				

Errata. In a part of our last week's impression, in the article noticing the sentence of the Supreme Court, held at Salem, against Benj. Osmond, Esq. for slandering the character of Miss Sophia W. Badwell, one cypher too many occurred. The fine should have read \$1400 instead of \$14000.

Correspondence. We thank "Othello" for her "Lines, addressed to a sister." They shall appear next week. We hope she will still favor us with the predictions of her Muse.

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Interesting Relict.—The three cornered Cocked Hat, of the late General Washington, has been presented to the Museum of South Carolina, by Gen. Thomas Pinckney.

There were lately in prison in Baltimore, for debt, one person for 6-12 cents, one for 12-12 cents, one for 27, one for 53, and one for 43 cents.

Portland Free School.—Portland has nine, in which about 500 youth are instructed. A few days since, a new brick school house, and a new school, were commenced by a prayer from the Rev. Mr. Gay. Parents addressed the children most affectionately, and Dr. Nichols concluded by prayer. The male and female scholars over 7 years of age, are by this new building, separated.

A Tag in New-Hampshire.—The Senate of New-Hampshire has balloted fourteen times, and the House of Representatives four times, to elect a Speaker to Congress, but without effecting a choice. At the last dates, they had suspended their balloting to breathe awhile. Mr. Mason is the leading candidate in the House, and Messrs. Blaisdell and Livermore the most prominent candidates in the Senate.—E. Jago.

Hon. JOHN RUSSELL arrived at New-York, on Thursday, in the Corles from Liverpool, and proceeded immediately to Washington to take his seat at the opening of Congress.

Distressing Accident.—The packet-boat which runs between this place and Pemaquid, was upset on Friday last, at the mouth of the river, and the wife of Mr. Theophilus B. Morgan, of No. 3, Downer's. The circumstances, as Mr. Morgan, who commanded the boat, relates them, are these. One of the black put under a h-l. of Molasses, to keep it steady, got removed from its place, and the h-l. rolling over a side instantly capsize the boat, when the passengers, Mrs. Morgan, Mr. Stephen Gardner and wife, daughter of Mr. Morgan, with Mr. Peary, clinging to the boat for some time, when the h-l. rolling out, the boat suddenly capsize again to windward, and all excepting Mr. Peary, were covered over with the sea, where they remained a short time, when they floated out and were all pulled on to the boat by Mr. P. excepting Mrs. Morgan, to whom an arrow was directed, but she was so far gone as to take no notice of it, and Mr. Peary, who is an excellent swimmer, was too much exhausted to attempt any further rescue. They remained on the boat an hour, when some Indians in their canoes, fortunately came along, and rescued them from their perilous situation, and took them to Mrs. M. who continued floating on the surface to the shore. In the death of Mrs. Morgan society has lost a worthy member, a husband, affectionate wife, and children a kind and industrious mother.

A most shocking case of suicide occurred at New-Orleans on the 30th ult. A Mr. Ferdinand Hartmann, a native of Germany, 51 years of age, arrived in that city on the 28th from St. Louis, in the steamboat Lawrence, and took up his lodgings at the Planters' and Merchants' Hotel. The next morning he went out very early for the purpose of taking a warm bath but soon returned and went to his chamber. When breakfast was ready, the servant went to call him, but after knocking and receiving no answer, he looked through the window and beheld the lifeless corpse of Hartmann.—He gave the alarm, when the door was broken open, and it was ascertained that he had despatched himself by taking a dose of arsenic, then cutting his throat in two places, and finally shooting himself in the head with a small pistol, it appears that he had become despondent in consequence of losing a beloved wife, about ten years since in Germany, and resolved to dispel care by travel, but his mind sunk under the woe of memory.

Among the papers of the deceased, was a letter addressed to Capt. Reardon, of the steamboat Lawrence, written on the morning on which he committed the act, in which he says that he lives in the world as his utter contempt for life, of which he was tired. He begs the captain to accept of all the papers properly he had with him, amounting to about \$200 on condition that he will send him decently interred, and give two of his fellow passengers \$200 each, and \$50 to the keeper of the hotel at which he lodged.

STONINGTON, Nov. 30. A few weeks since a respectable gentleman of Plainfield, in this State, on occasion to take a journey to the eastward, and on finding it convenient to take with him the whole of the "glittering dust" which composed a part of his earthly treasure, he deposited it, for safe keeping, in a desk in his bed-room; as is very often the case with those who have any thing of the kind to deposit. Now it so happened, (strange as it may appear) that a certain good-natured fellow, who had taken abundance of the "root of evil," determined to do his neighbor a kindness, and relieve him from the trouble of counting so much cash. Fearing that to owner might, from a desire not to give unnecessary trouble to his friends, declare his office a servant, he resolved to improve this opportunity, and execute his intended plan of benevolence in the absence of the master of the house.

The motives by which a man is actuated in the performance of a charitable action, may sometimes be inferred from the time and manner in which it is done. Our hero, determined "not to let his hand know what his right was doing," carried out his operations in the silent watches of the night; he "some might say, he did it to be seen of none." He repaired to the house; placed himself at the window of the bed-room; and attempted to effect entrance; but owing to some unforeseen circumstance, he was compelled to defer the matter till the execution of his scheme until the next night; when he returned with a follow-up in the great work. It was the mean time, the lady of the house, having been alarmed by the visit of the preceding evening, resolved not to stay alone in the room on the second night. She accordingly required the assistance of a male being Quaker, who, as the night advanced, took his station in the room containing the precious metals while the lady occupied another part of the house. As was anticipated, in the silence of the midnight hour, the window of the apartment was raised, and the body of a man protruded about half its length to the room. At this critical juncture, while the man was struggling to gain complete admission, the benevolent feelings of our friend the Quaker were excited into exercise. He calmly arose from his bed, and determined to render every assistance in his power to the struggling wight by the hair, and exerted, in the enthusiastic force of his benevolent heart, "Friend, I'll help thee in!" Now, whether the man was a pre-arranged signal—as was the case with a veteran who entered the war—as was the case with a slave, who was stationed without the window, to give instant alarm, clung to the heels of his benefactor and endeavored to extricate him from his perilous situation. And now, had some mischievous person been present, who was a lover of fun, he might have seized it to his heart's content. To see a Quaker

at the end of a long race, and a the other, both pulling with all their might, have been rare sport indeed. For one of the contest remained doubtful, in which would prove the stronger, however, the hair, to which the Quaker, lost its hold of the skin, and gained the victory.

The next morning, a man was boobyhood, who had suddenly become of his left in the possession of the so exactly with the little remaining head, that he was immediately taken into jail, till the proper authority with certainty the right owner of the skin.

Office of the U. S. Marshal at Baltimore.

Imprisonment and insult of an Officer avenged, and Spanish insolence Extract of a letter from an American to the U. S. ship John Adams, to his dated PASSAGE ISLAND.

"You will, no doubt, hear a story of Commodore Porter taking a Spanish ship, the circumstances are true. The Governor imprisoned the commodore and small schooners under his command, to be grossly insulted.—As soon as he heard of the insult, he proceeded to the vessel and the boats and part of the crew took two of their number, spiked, marched with two miles in the interior, the Spaniards drawn up to give him men within pistol shot of their vessel during the Governor and the Captain of the principal offenders, to come to a moment or have their town burnt first, and in presence of all our officers, and the officer insulted, expressed, and promised in future to respect officers, who might hereafter visit them. The Commodore then merely to show them he had them returned to the boats and left the vessel took place, and not a man from the time they landed until the morning more than three hours. The self defence rendered it necessary, and this is all they can complain of. Some means been apprised of our intention. The population of the island, the country very thickly settled, a field piece, had assembled, and within pistol shot of this force, our men humble themselves."

Wars.—War now rages in the form of 1. In Peru, South America, between the Peruvian republicans under Bolivar and the Spanish royalists. The royalists, and the complete delivery of America from the Spanish yoke, is the object.

2. In Greece, in Europe, between the Greeks and the Turkish empire. That portion of Greece, for liberty and independence; does not a million of inhabitants. The war with the whole power and strength of the empire—with the Mahometans of Africa. They have perished and won of the contest is uncertain.

3. On the coast of Guinea, in Africa, British soldiers and their African allies, a barbarous and warlike people, the interior of Guinea.

4. In India beyond the Ganges, the British and the native troops, called Sepoys, led by a native prince, have conquered them, but now so potent as Britain, at Pondicherry in Ceylon, that the British have captured the port of Pondicherry, and rescued that place from death. Nothing but the aid of the British, stationed in the interior of the empire.

The Dey of Algiers has made peace, but it is said he is about to commence again, Holland and Madrid.

Great sensation has been excited by the assassination, of which the following is a perfectly exact, by the *Journal*.

Mrs. Henrietta Morin, of Paris, a daughter, one of six, the other of four, and at Vincennes with a Mademoiselle. On the 10th October, Mr. Morin, a Frenchman, and took her in the park of Vincennes, where before in the same way. The lady and she carried an umbrella over her, in a rose colored gown, a red, and a black shawl, went there and praised their beauty. For a man, about forty years of age, tall, thin, and a thick set of the mother, and entered a carriage, who came lately from a carriage. The villain had planned a kidnapping matter with the eldest boy, the other of the same individual. The unfortunate mother drew out, and at length the police officers, who had disappeared in the mean while, in another place, a man of a suspicious character, recognized by the mother as the man, who had bought a knife from her in the rose-colored dress has been. This crime is connected with part of the trials which will no doubt be years ago a man named Roseau, who inquired where two children, the other of four years old, were, or six days ago, the same man, who gave information, and saying, "I know where they were." Middle victims were deposited at the of Vincennes and the supposed to look at them. He did not betray the man and woman have been of the King's attorney general.

Liverpool, Oct. 19. Last week named Legge, was hawking near Petersfield, with her three minor ages amounted to 33 years, 10, the eldest daughter 55, second 57. It happened that the old obliged to chastise the child of

...and a stout Jonathan at the other, both pulling with all their might, must have been a rare sight indeed. For some time the issue of the contest remained doubtful—it was uncertain, in which would prove the strongest man. At length, however, the hair, to which the Quaker had grappled his fingers, lost its hold of the skin, and the man without gained the victory.

The next morning, a man was seen in the neighborhood, who had suddenly become bald. The lock of hair left in the possession of the Quaker, compared so exactly with the little remaining on the man's head, that he was immediately deposited in Windham jail, till the proper authorities might ascertain with certainty the right owner of the fur.

Ston. (Connecticut) Yan.

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN,
Baltimore, Dec. 3.

Imprisonment and insult of an American Naval Officer averaged, and Spanish insolence justly punished.

Extract of a letter from an American officer, on board the U. S. ship John Adams, to his friend in Baltimore, dated Passaic, N. J., Nov. 10th, 1824.

"You will, no doubt, hear a great noise about Commodore Porter taking a Spanish Town in Porto Rico—the circumstances are briefly these:—The Governor imprisoned the commander of one of the small schooners under his command and allowed him to be grossly insulted. As soon as he heard of it, Commodore Porter proceeded there with two schooners and the boats and part of the crew of this ship—he took two of their vessels, spiked the guns, and marched with two hundred men to the town (Ponce) about two miles in the interior—he there found the Spaniards drawn up to give him battle, halted his men within pistol shot of their forces, sent a flag ordering the Governor and the Captain of the port, the two principal offenders, to come to him and make amends or have their town burnt—they chose the first, and in presence of all our officers, begged pardon of the officer insulted, expressed great penitence, and promised in future to respect all American officers, who might hereafter visit the place.

"The Commodore then marched into the town merely to show them he had them in his power, and then returned to the boats and left the place. No disturbance took place, and not a man left the ranks from the time they landed until they embarked, having been more than three hours from their vessels. Self defence rendered it necessary to spike their guns, and this is all they can complain of—they had some means been apprised of our intention of visiting them. The population of the place is about two thousand, the country very thickly settled. Before we left them, a force of three times our number, with a field piece, had assembled, and in presence of, and within pistol shot of this force, our Commodore made them humble themselves."

Wars.—War now rages in the following countries:

1. In Peru, South America, between the Colombian and Peruvian republicans under the brave Bolivar, and the Spanish royalists. The overthrow of the royalists, and the complete deliverance of all South America from the Spanish yoke, may be anticipated.

2. In Greece, in Europe, between the Greeks and Turks. That portion of Greece, which is struggling for liberty and independence, does not contain more than a million of inhabitants. They have to contend with the whole power and strength of the Turkish empire—with the Mahomedans of Europe, Asia and Africa. They have perished wonders, but the issue of the contest is uncertain.

3. On the coast of Guinea, in Africa, between the British settlements and their African allies, and the Ashantees, a barbarous and warlike nation that occupies the interior of Guinea.

4. In India beyond the Ganges, between the British and Burmese. The latter are a numerous, bold and warlike people, and cannot be easily subjugated. Although the British East India Company hold in subordination almost a hundred millions of the natives of Hindostan, yet there are not 50,000 Europeans in the country. The Company employ in their wars, native troops, called Sepoys, led by British officers, and with these they have conquered powerful nations, but none so potent as Burmah. A vessel arrived at Pondicherry from Calcutta brings information that the British have captured Rangoon, the principal port of Burmah, and rescued the missionaries at that place from death. Nothing is said of the American Baptist missionaries, stationed at Ava, the capital of the empire.

The Bey of Algiers has made peace with England, but it is said he is about to commence hostilities with Spain, Holland and Sardania.

Great sensation has been excited in Paris by a horrible assassination, of which the following details are given as perfectly exact, by the *Journal des Debates*:

"Mrs. Henrietta Herin, of Paris, had two male children, one of six, the other of five years old, at board at Vincennes with a Madame Boudier, a grocer. On the 10th October, Mrs. Herin arrived at Mrs. Boudier's at half past ten in the morning, had her children dressed, and took them to walk with her in the park of Vincennes, which she had visited before in the same way. The weather was rainy, and she carried an umbrella over the children. A lady, in a rose colored gown, a bonnet of the same color, and a black shawl, went up to them, kissed them and praised their beauty. A few moments after, a man, about forty years of age, in a blue great coat, issued from a thicket of the wood, came near to the mother, and seemed to embrace the eldest child, who immediately screamed out *mamma, mamma*. The villain had plunged a knife into its throat. While the mother was examining what could be the matter with the eldest boy, the other was assassinated by the same individual. The piercing screams of the unfortunate mother drew some persons to the spot and at length the police officers arrived. The assassin had disappeared in the mean time. But, afterwards, in another place, a man of the name of Papavine, of a suspicious character, was arrested and recognized by the mother as the murderer of her children. He had bought a knife from a grocer in the morning near the castle of Vincennes. The woman in the rose-colored dress has been seized in Paris. This crime is connected with particular circumstances which the tribunals will no doubt penetrate. About a year ago, a man named Rosseau, came to Vincennes to inquire where two children, one of five and the other of four years old, were lodged. About five or six days ago, the same man returned seeking the same information, and saying that one thousand francs might be earned by the person who would make known where they were. The bodies of the little victims were deposited at the house of the Mayor of Vincennes and the supposed assassin was made to look at them. He did not betray the least emotion. The man and woman have been put into the hands of the King's attorney general."

Liverpool, Oct. 19. Last week an old woman named Legge, was hopping in Mr. Lee's garden, near Petersfield, with her three daughters, whose united ages amounted to 335 years, viz. the mother 105, the eldest daughter 83, second 80, and the youngest 67. It happened that this old woman felt herself obliged to enslave the child of 65 for silliness, re-

marking that she feared that she would turn out unsteady through life. It is not the least remarkable circumstance that the old woman has seen seven generations.

Singular Marriages.—A circumstance of some novelty in the annals of matrimony, occurred a short time ago at Rugeley, in Staffordshire. It was the union of two couples, whose previous relative connexion was such as to produce consequences, in the sequel, of the most extraordinary and ludicrous description. An old man, of the name of Martin, of Loughdon, aged 76, appeared at the altar, with a young girl of 17, as his intended bride; while her sister, two years older, was led thither by the grandson of Martin, aged 19; the curious results of these alliances are as follow: The old man recognizes a brother in his grandson, and a sister in his wife; his spouse must submit howmuchsoever against her inclination, to the venerable epithet of grandmother from her elder sister; and the young man may address the damsel of 17, as his grandmother or sister, at pleasure; while his wife may claim as her just right, by reason of more mature age, the submission of her sister, or to be called upon; to exercise all the respectful docility of a grand-daughter toward her. —*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

TICONDEROGA.

The following is Col. Ethan Allen's account of the Capture of Ticonderoga, on the 10th of May, 1775.

"The first systematical and bloody attempt at Lexington, to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind; and fully determined me to take a part with my country. And while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony, now State of Connecticut, to raise the Green Mountain Boys, and if possible to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and after guarding all the several passages that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake at Ticonderoga, 1775, with 230 valiant Green Mountain Boys; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I had landed 83 men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for the rear guard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner; but the day began to dawn, and I found myself necessitated to attack the fort, before the rear could pass the lake; and as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the following manner:—'Friends and fellow soldiers, you have for a number of years past been the scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad and acknowledged, as appears by the orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and in person conduct you through the wicket gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, possess your firelocks.'"

The men being at this time drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right; and at the head of the centre file marched them immediately to the wicket gate aforesaid where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his lance at me. I ran immediately towards him and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under a bomb proof. My party followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the barracks which faced each other. The garrison being asleep except the sentries, we gave three huzzas, which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword, but in an instant I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head: upon which he dropped; and his gun asked quarters, which I readily granted; and demanded where the commander lay, or slept he showed me a pair of stairs in front of the garrison, which led up to a second story in said barracks, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Captain Delaplace, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison. At which the Captain came immediately to the door with his breeches in his hand, when I ordered him to deliver up the fort instantly. He asked me by what authority I demanded it. I answered him—"In the name of the great Jehovah—and Continental Congress." The authority of Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again; but I interrupted him, and with a drawn sword near his head demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison. In the mean time some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beaten down and about one third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of said commander, a lieutenant Felham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two sergeants, and forty-four rank and file—about 100 pieces of cannon, one thirteen inch mortar and a number of swivels. This enterprise was carried into execution in the gray of the morning of the 10th of May, 1775. The sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior lustre; and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled on its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and drank success to Congress and liberty and freedom to America.

"Life," said one who had seen much of it, "is like a game of backgammon; the most skillful make the best use of it. The dice do not depend upon us in the one case, nor do events depend upon us in the other; but it is the manner of applying them that occasions the difference of success."

MARRIAGES.

In Portland, Mr. Alexander J. Emery, merchant, to Miss Mary S. Haley.

In Hallowell, Capt. Samuel West to Mrs. Naomi Butler.

DEATHS.

In Dresden, on the 2d inst. Dea. Samuel Woodward, aged 63, formerly of Newton, Mass.

In Bethel, on Sunday last, Submit, daughter of Lieut. Nathaniel Segar, in the nineteenth year of her age. She was assisting in carrying a kettle of boiling water out of the house, and not stepping with precision down the step of the door, sprained her ankle so violently as to occasion her fall to the ground, when the whole boiling contents of the kettle were emptied upon her. Every possible exertion was made in vain for her recovery. She survived eight days in great distress, when her life was crowned with death in full assurance of a blessed immortality.

HAT STORE REMOVED.

J. HASKELL.

HAS REMOVED from Exchange-Street, to No. 2, BORN'S BUILDINGS, Middle-Street, second door from Exchange-Street; where he has just opened a prime assortment of

Gentlemen's, youth's and children's HATS, of various qualities and manufactures; Gentlemen's, youth's, and children's FUR CAPS, various prices;

Ladies' and Misses BEAVER BONNETS and Chinilla Caps, Fur Trimmings, &c.; Gentlemen's GLOVES and UMBRELLAS.

Also—a few bales BUFFALO ROBES.

The above were selected by himself, expressly for retailing, and will be sold at a small advance for CASH.

Particular attention will be paid to orders—and any article, sent upon an order, which should disappoint the expectations of the purchaser, or that should not fit, may be returned and exchanged, or the money will be refunded.

*CASH will be paid as above for

1000 Prime FOX SKINS.

PORTLAND, Dec. 9, 1824. (24 3meop.)

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Bethel.

THE owners of the following Lots of LAND are hereby notified, that the same are taxed in the bills of assessments of taxes, assessed on the Lands of non-resident proprietors, in said Bethel, in the County of Oxford, for the State, County, Town, and School Taxes, committed to me, for the year 1823, in the sums respectively set against said Lots, viz:

Owner.	Lot.	Range.	Acres.	Value.	State.	County.	Town.	School.
Unknown,	15	1	100	40	7	10	23	22
Unknown,	17	1	100	40	7	10	23	22
Unknown,	19	1	100	40	7	10	23	22
Unknown,	21	1	100	50	9	13	28	27
Samuel Page,	26	1	100	60	11	15	34	33
Samuel Page,	33	1	100	50	9	13	28	27
Unknown,	3	2	100	50	9	13	28	27
Unknown,	4	2	100	50	9	13	28	27
Unknown,	7	2	100	50	9	13	28	27
Unknown,	9	2	100	50	9	13	28	27
Roger Merrill,	11	2	100	40	7	10	23	22
Roger Merrill,	12	2	100	40	7	10	23	22
Peter Frost,	15	2	100	50	9	13	28	27
Unknown,	19	2	100	40	7	10	23	22
Unknown,	23	2	100	65	12	17	37	36
Samuel Page,	25	2	100	50	9	13	28	27
Samuel Page,	26	2	100	40	7	10	23	22
Samuel Page,	27	2	100	30	6	7	17	17
Unknown,	29	2	100	40	7	10	23	22
Unknown,	5	3	100	25	4	6	15	14
Unknown,	2	3	100	40	7	10	23	22
P. G. Yirgin,	11	3	100	75	13	19	48	41
Agent,	12	3	100	20	4	5	12	11
Samuel Page,	25	3	100	40	7	10	23	22
Unknown,	3	4	100	30	6	7	17	17
Dole,	18	5	100	100	18	25	57	54
Unknown,	19	6	100	30	6	7	17	17
Unknown,	39	10	100	20	4	5	12	11
Unknown,	17	6	100	50	9	13	28	27
Samuel Page,	10	6	100	50	9	13	28	27
William Oxnard,	10	6	100	50	9	13	28	27
Tim. Carter,	Interval	40	100	18	25	57	54	
Agent,	15	10	100	200	36	50	114	108

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before

TUESDAY, the fifth day of January next, so much of said Lands will, on said day, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the store of O'NEIL W. RIMMON, in said Bethel, be sold at Public Auction, as will be sufficient to pay said taxes and charges.

PERKINS P. MOULTON,

Collector of said Bethel, A. D. 1823.

Bethel, November 29, 1824. 3w 24

*Half of a cent.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a Court of Sessions begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1824—the Court then ordered and assessed a tax of six cents per acre on Plantation number two, in said County; lying southerly of the town of Rumford, containing twenty-two thousand three hundred and forty-five acres; amounting to the sum of thirteen hundred and forty dollars and seventy cents, for the purpose of making a road through said Plantation—and appointed Abel Wheeler, Phillip Abbot, and Stephen Putnam a committee to receive and expend said assessment in making the aforesaid road.

Now therefore, the proprietors and owners of said land in said Plantation number two, are requested to pay the said tax to Henry Rust, Treasurer of said County, or his successor in said office, within six months from the date hereof; and unless said tax is paid within that time, so much of said Land as will pay said tax and incidental charges, will be sold at Public Vendue, at the dwelling house of Alvan Holster, in Rumford, in said County, on Tuesday the twenty-eighth day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

HENRY RUST, Treasurer of the County of Oxford.

Norway, Dec. 6th, 1824. 3w 24

CAUTION.

WHEREAS JOHN BUCK has left my house and board, which I have agreed to provide for him—I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting.

WM. R. HESLINWAY.

Hamil's Grant Dec. 9, 1824.

SALE AT AUCTION.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of a license from a Probate Court, held in Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of December, A. D. 1824:—

Will be sold at Public Auction, on Monday, the seventeenth day of January, A. D. 1825, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the dwelling-house of the subscriber, in Dixfield, so much of the real estate of JOSEPH K. WHITE, late of Dixfield, deceased, including the reversion of the widow's dower in said estate, as will produce the sum of three thousand one hundred and fifty-nine dollars; being the balance of his just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, with all intervening charges.

Conditions of sale made known at the time and place of sale.

HENRY WHITE, Administrator on said estate.

Dixfield, Dec. 14, 1824. 3w 24

PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, on the estate of RUFUS BARRETT, late of Waterford, in the County of Oxford; Trader, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

WILLIAM MUNROF.

Waterford, Dec. 14, 1824.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of JOSEPH MORRILL, late of Livermore, in the County of Oxford, Blacksmith, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

ARNOLD WHITTEMORE.

Livermore, Dec. 14, 1824.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss. WHEREAS warrants have been issued from Henry Rust, Esq. Treasurer of said County of Oxford, and have been committed to me, against the following unimproved Tracts and Townships of LAND, situated in said County, for the County tax assessed thereon, for the year 1823, as follows, viz:

TRACTS.	Amount of Taxes.
Township Letter E,	\$5 79
do. No. 1, Letter A,	8 62
do. No. 2, Letter A,	9 39
do. No. 4, Range 4,	7 56
do. No. 3, Range 3,	6 92
do. Letter B,	8 43
do. No. 4,	6 58
do. No. 7,	7 21
Hamil's Grant,	53
Andover Surplus, North,	3 95

Now, therefore, I give notice, that unless said taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, I shall, pursuant to said warrants, sell at Public Auction, at the Court House, in Paris, in said County, on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth day of January next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said several Tracts of LAND, as will discharge the taxes and intervening charges on each of them respectively

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of said County.

Dated at Hebron, this 25th day of November, 1824. (6w* 22)

COLLEGE LANDS.

FOR SALE, by the subscriber, the following lots of LAND, belonging to Harvard College, viz

IN FAYBURG.		
Lot 44,	1st Division,	53 acres.
" 22,	2nd do.	54 do.
" 10,	3d do.	50 do.
" 18,	5th do.	about 75 do.
IN LIVERMORE.		
Lot 70, 100 acres.	Lot 149, 100 acres.	
IN RUMFORD.		
Lot 16,	1st Division,	80 acres.
" 33,	2nd do.	100 do.
" 47,	3d do.	148 do.
IN JAY.		
Lot 8,	13th range,	100 acres.
IN BETHEL.		
Lot 19,	9th range,	100 acres.
" 19,	10th "	100 "

PRENTISS MELLEEN, Agent.

Portland, Nov. 1, 1824. 3m.21

MORACE SEAVER,

Chambers over No. 1 and 3, Mitchell's Buildings,

FORTLAND,

(Entrance at No. 2.)

HAS JUST RECEIVED, on consignment, a large assortment of

American, English, French, and India

GOODS—such as:

Bales brown SHIRTING and SHEETING;
Do. Bleached do. do;
Do. Washington TICKING;
Do. Northbridge and Wrentham do;
Do. PLAIDS, STRIPES and CHECKS;
Do. Cotton YARN, all numbers;
Do. BATTING, for Comforters;
70 Pieces SATINETTS, blue, drab and mix'd;
30 do. BROADCLOTHS and CASSIMERES;
50 do. FLANNELS, assorted colors;
150 do. BOMBAZETTS, assorted colors, fig'd and plain;
100 do. American CALICOES;
200 do. English do.
do. 4-4 French do.

German and Flag Handkerchiefs.—Cotton Flag, and Madras do; Merino, silk and cotton Shawls; Black, blue and green silk Velvet; Black fig'd Velvet and silk Vesting; Valencia do; Carolina Plaids; Black sewing Silk; Boxes Gauze; Fig'd, Plaid, and Taffeta Ribbons; Galoons; 100 gross Fancy Silk Buttons; Black, Saracenis; Green Florence; Black, Drab and Green Levantines; Pearl Striped and Fig'd Gros de Naples; Sewing Cottons, all numbers and colors; Boxes Cotton Balls; Knitting Cottons; 300 gross Glass and Metal Buttons; Writing, Wrapping, Printing, Sheathing and Bonnet Papers; Binder's and Bandbox Boards; Looking Glasses; Men's Women's and Children's Morocco and Leather SHOES; which will be sold at such prices as cannot fail to please.

Oct. 30. 14

BLANKS for sale at the Oxford Bookstore.

MISCELLANIES.

THESE written by the Right Hon. George Canning, when a young man, and placed by him on the table of a young lady on the morning of her marriage, some days before, presented him with a picture of Fluffy, to make a pair of shooting breeches.

When all, on this auspicious day,
Well pleased, their grateful homage pay,
And sweetly smile, and softly say
A thousand pleasant speeches,
My Muse shall touch her tuneful strings,
Nor scorn the gifts her duty brings,
A pair of shooting breeches.

Soon shall the tailor's mystic art,
Have fashioned them in every part,
And made them tight, and spruce, and smart,
With twenty thousand stitches:
Then mark the moral of my song,
Oh, may your loves but prove as strong,
And wear as well, and last as long,
As these my shooting breeches.

And when to each this load of life,
I take into myself a wife,
I ask not rank nor riches:
Temper like thine alone I pray—
Temper like thine, serene and gay,
Inclined, like thine, to give away,
Not wear thyself the breeches.

THE DEXTEROUS EVASION.

The father was just on the very last stair
Toward the room of his son, when of damsels a pair
Escaped by the opposite door:
While the youth had just time to lay hold of a book,
And in it (assuming a sanctified look)
He began most intently to pore,
When the father beheld him, cried he overjoyed,
"To see you, dear Richard, so wisely employ'd
Your affectionate father much pleases:
But what were you reading—your Blackstone?"

"Why no sir—"

"I was only beguiling an hour or so, sir."

"But with what?" "Why, some fugitive pieces."

HUFFEY WHITE.

It was the beginning of the year 1821, that,
For my sins, I was travelling in the north mail,
To Lincoln. My companion was a scion of a
noble stock, and a *sub* distant invalid: so tenacious
of descent, that as Boniface said of his ale,
he eat, drank, slept, lived, and died upon his
"family," and was withal one of those tiresome,
presiding, disconsolate, hearty old bachelors who
are addicted with more diseases than the Col-
lege of Physicians is acquainted with. Our
only other fellow passenger was eloquent in
silence; for we heard his voice for the first
time, when we parted at Market Harborough,
where he wished Mr. Plantagenet better
health, satirically adding, that he "blessed God
he had a good constitution, and no nonsense
about him."

An influx of strangers, arising from a county
election, obliged us to put up with a double-
bedded room. Mr. P. had taken his nightly al-
lowance—a posset, some caudle, and a basin of
water-gruel—had arranged his toast and wa-
ter on one side, and his lemonade on the other—
had applied hot bottles to his feet, and warm
pillows to his head—and having exhausted every
waiter within his reach, was at last in a
state of quiescence, when a thundering rap was
heard at the door. "You can't come in," said
Mr. P. faintly, from under the clothes, as he
saw me about to unbar the door; "the cold air,"
he observed, in a smothered voice—"would
be fatal to me at this time of night." "You
can't come in," he repeated in a shriller key.
"Put us wilt," was reiterated outside. "You
will! what drunken vagabond is this? Fellow,
do you know?" "Don't jabber to us, you old
sinner; but unbolt the door." "God bless me!"
cried the hypochondriac, "can I believe my
ears? An old sinner! There *must* be some
mistake which we'll burst the panels,"
interrupted the assailants. "Oh! this is un-
bearable. Give me my flannel gown—I'll
leave the inn instantly." "Force the door,"
said Jack, "I say—me force the door, or the
old one will get off." And, our assailants suit-
ing lustily the action to the word, the staples
gave way with a crash—two constables entered
with a warrant—desired my unfortunate friend
to surrender—and instantly appear before a
magistrate.

"Gentlemen," said the Honorable Athelstan,
with all the dignity he could assume in his
nightcap, "this may be an excellent joke to
you; but I happen to be a man of influence,
and I'll have you shall repent it. It is clear
you don't know me." "Oh but we do; and a
devil of a chase you have given us. So now
turn out." "If I don't have you tried for as-
sault and battery, at the Old Bailey, may I never
sleep again," replied Athelstan. At this
juncture I interposed, and discovered, with
amazement, that my illustrious allied friend
had been taken to be Hufley White; that a warrant
had been issued against him in that character;
and that it was indispensably necessary he
should forthwith appear before Colonel Claver-
ing, the County Magistrate. I see him stand-
ing before me, as I, with the utmost difficulty,
explained the circumstance. I seem again to
witness his astonishment; his obstinacy in de-
claring it impossible. "I won't believe it! A
man of my station in life—of my connexions—
of my appearance—and he sat bolt upright in
bed—to be taken for a highwayman! 'Tis out
of the course of nature—and he took a draught
of lemonade—Hardly sweet enough—so—
good people—he resumed—from this place I
went sir. Were I not in bed, I'd soon—how-
ever, I shall to-morrow avenge this insult, and
with the law my aggressors. Settle it
with them, I," he observed to me—"settle it
with them," and carefully closing the curtains,
he turned on his other side, and disappeared
in the feather bed.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Blow me, if that's had—
and the first constable—but it won't do, old
one, it won't do. This is a filthy guinea job;
and I've think we're such *flats* when we have
you so snug, as to let you slip tether for a bit
of blarney? No, no. Come, Jack—and they
simultaneously tore off the clothes, and placed
the Duke of Cardigan's cousin bolt upright on
his legs in the middle of the apartment. My in-
terference was again indispensable. Plantagenet
suffered himself to be dressed in silence; and
I, having previously prepared myself docu-
ments for rectifying the mistake, accompanied
him and his attendant constables to the magis-
trate's. Hufley was speechless. Even con-
cern for his health, and his natural dread of a
draught were forgotten. He looked around
him, occasionally with the air of a man awak-
ing from a painful dream, but not a sound es-
caped him. On our arrival at Colonel Claver-
ing's, a few minutes' conversation, and the pro-
duction of some papers, soon rescued the noble
Athelstan from the charge of being a footpad.
It appeared, that after committing various ro-
beries in the neighborhood, the County Magis-
trate had ascertained Hufley to have quitted
London by the Leicester mail—that a warrant
had been issued out against him in consequence—
and that the same description applying to both
parties, my hapless friend had been apprehend-
ed for the hardy highwayman. Beyond doubt,
our silent fellow passenger, 'who had no non-
sense about him,'—had been Hufley White.

Many and sincere apologies were made for
the mistake; but Mr. P. resolutely declared he
should never survive it. "At my time of life!"
—a man of my family to be taken for a com-
mon footpad—Say no more; my death war-
rant is sealed. Neither argument nor railery,
could remove the impression—You are very
good, was his reply to a hope Colonel Claver-
ing had expressed they should meet again,
and often hereafter—but—and his counte-
nance assumed most a dolorous expression—I am
now bound upon my last journey. Our hospita-
ble host detained us that night, and the next
morning Mr. P. resumed his route. But he was
still haunted by the same idea. When in his
carriage, he replied, with a wave of his white
handkerchief, to some *badinage* from his fair
hostess, respecting a future Mrs. Plantagenet—
"Many thanks, Madam—but earthly feelings are
at rest with me. I am hastening to a world—
(his voice went off in a quaver)—where there
is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.
Colonel Clavering, farewell! You look for the
last time on Athelstan Plantagenet. All is
over. Drive on."

The gentle reader, perhaps, will smile at
hearing, that *maladie imaginaire* very shortly
had her triumph. Whether cold, over-exer-
tion, excited feelings, or hypochondriacism, pro-
duced the event, is uncertain: but a few weeks
afterwards the County paper announced the
death, at the mansion of his noble relative, of
the honorable Athelstan Plantagenet, uncle to
the late, and cousin to the present, Duke of
Cardigan; M. A., F. R. S., F. L. S.—and think-
I-to-myself, A. S. S. Time, however, and the
cares of maturer life had almost effaced the
circumstance from my recollection, till on pass-
ing through Northampton, I was shown, in
the corner of a country church-yard, 'Hufley
White's grave.' It is on record, that this ter-
ror to nervous ladies and elderly gentlemen,
after his last exploit of robbing the North
mail, was tried, condemned, and executed, in
this very town; and, afterwards, by the en-
trearies of his friends, (who for many nights
watched around his grave,) buried in the
church-yard of Saint-Giles, the parish in which
the goal is situated. To the last, the same
daring, reckless spirit displayed itself, which
characterized him through life. On his way to
execution, he snatched an orange from the
basket of a woman who stood near the foot of
the gallows; and on the platform replied to
the devotions of his fellow-sufferer, "Come,
look sharp; let's be off!"

The corner is almost concealed from public
gaze, and wholly appropriated to the remains
of malefactors. The spot is lonely and quiet;
the grass grows green and fresh over his grave;
but Superstition has cast her halo around it;
and the peasant, in the hour of twilight, will
take any other path, than that which runs be-
side it; will whistle, will sing, will fix his eye
on any object, however distant and uninterest-
ing; and he feels happy and relieved, when he
leaves the spot behind him, where, beneath the
soil moulder the remains of this Prince of Foot-
pads.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION.

The following article is copied from Graham's
descriptive sketches of Vermont.—It is an excel-
lent story and believed to be a true one, and
will furnish amusement to most persons who
have not before seen it.

"The farmer in question, was a plain pious
man, regular in the discharge of his duty both
to God and his neighbor; but, unluckily, he
happened to live near one with whom he was
not inclined to cultivate either civil or friendly
terms. This troublesome personage was no
other than a monstrous overgrown he bear,
that descended from the mountains, trod down
and destroyed the corn fields, and carried off
whatever he laid his paws upon. The plundered
sufferer watched him in vain, the ferocious and
cunning animal, ever finding methods to elude
his utmost vigilance; and, at last, it had learned
its cue so thoroughly, as only to commit its de-
predations on the Lord's day, when it knew from
experience, the coast was clear.—Wearied
out with these oft repeated trespasses, the good
man resolved, on the next Sunday, to stay in
the fields, where with his gun, he concealed
himself. The bear came according to custom—
he fired and shot it dead. The explosion
threw the whole congregation, (for it was about
the hour of people's assembling to worship),
into consternation. The cause was inquired
into: as soon as the pastor, deacon and elders

became acquainted with it, they called a special
meeting of the church and cited their offending
brother before them, to show cause, if any he
had, why he should not be excommunicated out
of Christ's church for his daring impiety. In
vain did he urge from the scriptures themselves
that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day;
he pleaded before judges determined to condemn
him; and the righteous parson, elders and
church, viva voce, agreed to drive him out
from amongst them, as polluted and accursed.—
Accordingly he was enjoined, (as is customary
on such occasions,) on the next Sunday to attend
his excommunication in the church. He did
attend—but not entirely satisfied with the justice
of the sentence, and too much of a soldier to be
scandalized in so public a manner, for an action
which he conceived to be his duty, he resolved
to have recourse to stratagem; he therefore
went to the appointment with his gun, loaded
with a brace of balls, his sword and cartridge
box by his side, and his knapsack on his back,
with six day's provision in it.

Service was about half over when he entered
the sanctuary. He marched leisurely into a
corner and took his position. As soon as the
benediction was ended, the holy parson began
his excommunication; but scarce had he pro-
nounced the words "offending brother," when
the honest veteran cocked and levelled his wea-
pon of destruction, at the same time crying out
with a loud voice, "proceed if you dare—pro-
ceed and you are a dead man!" At this unex-
pected attack, the astonished clergyman shrunk
behind his desk, and his opponent, with great
deliberation recovered his arms. Some mo-
ments elapsed before the parson had courage to
peep from his ecclesiastical battery; when
finding the old hero had come to a rest, he
treacherously reached the order to the eldest
deacon, desiring him to read it. The deacon
with stammering accents and eyes starting with
affright, began as he was commanded; but
no sooner had he done so, than the devoted
victim again levelled his piece, and more ve-
hemently than before, exclaimed, "desist and
march—I will not live with shame—desist and
march I say, or you are all dead men!" Little
need had he to repeat his threats—the man of
God leaped from his desk and escaped; the
deacon, elders and congregation, followed in
equal trepidation, the greatest confusion pre-
vailed, the women, with shrieks and cries,
sought their homes—and the victor was left
un-disturbed, master of the field and of the church
too, the doors of which he calmly locked, put
the keys in his pocket, and sent them with his
respects to his pastor. He then marched
home with all the honors of war, lived thirteen
years afterwards and died a brother in full com-
munion; declaring to the last, (amongst his
inmates) that he never tasted so great a dainty
before."

History of Job.—We should learn from the
history of Job, not to judge and condemn others
because they are poor, or sick, or under any
calamity. Afflictions are no proof of a person's
being wicked and forsaken by God. "Whom
the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth
every son whom he receiveth."

The example of Job teaches us to employ our-
selves and our wealth in doing good to others,
according to their various necessities. He was
eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, a father
to the poor, a refuge to the stranger, the defender
of the oppressed, the comforter of the widow,
and the protector of him that had none to help
him. They who are rich in this world, should
be "rich in good works, ready to give, glad to
distribute."

It teaches us also in all our afflictions, to be
resigned to the will of our heavenly Father, and
to rely upon him with full trust and confidence.
"What?" says Job, "shall we receive good
at the hand of God and shall we not receive
evil? The Lord gave, and the Lord hath tak-
en away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

Communicated by a Minister.

A few months ago, a pious woman brought
her child to me, to request I would dedicate
it to the Lord. I did so; and after imploring
his blessing upon the child and its parents, I
addressed them, especially the mother, and
concluded in these words, "You now, my friends,
have given this dear child to God our Saviour;
you have dedicated it to him; if he should take
it from you, remember what you have now
done; do not be angry with him!" Time
passed away, and a few days since, I rode with
the poor mother in a mourning coach; the
child was gone! Her anguish for the loss of the
dear babe was very great;—many a thoughtless
passenger said, "it was only an infant going
to be buried;" but it was the mother's darling,
the desire of her eyes, her all. "Ah, Sir," said
she, wringing her hands a thousand times,
"when the child was ill, I thought of your
words, 'Don't be angry if the Lord takes what he
willeth.' Oh, no; Oh, no; but I feel it very
difficult to leave it in the grave. I did give it
to him; and, blessed be his name, he takes
but what he gave. I do not murmur; but
I do feel."

The mother had nursed her babe with all
a mother's fondness, and had caught its disease,
the measles. In a few days after the funeral
of her child, the sickness appeared, and so
much altered her features, that had I seen her
any where except in her own house, I should
not have known her. After laying some days
in this state, with a half suffocated voice she
pointed with her hand to heaven and made
signs that she was ready to follow her child;
but upon some hopes of her recovery being
expressed, she said, with uncommon eagerness,
"Pray, pray for me, that I may be restored to
one thing; that I may tell to every body not to

put off the important concerns of their souls
till they are taken ill. Oh, it is enough to
bear the pain even when the mind is supported.
Now, now is the accepted time; now is the
day of salvation!"—From that hour she became
worse, and found death rapidly coming upon
her. She then, with composure, gave some
directions concerning her funeral, and after
lingering some days, rejoicing in God her
Saviour, she departed hence, to dwell with him
forever.

She requested that she might be interred in
the same grave with her child; her wish was
complied with. The grave was prepared for
the mother, and the little one placed on her
bosom. From her it had received life, and to
her it had imparted death!—Reader, be ye also
ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the
son of man cometh. S. K.

From "L'Histoire des Chiens celebres," THE CULPIT'S DOG.

One of the early historians has transmitted
to us a beautiful trait of attachment on the part
of a dog towards his master, Sulpitius. This
man, owner of an immense fortune had been
condemned to capital punishment for an atro-
cious crime. Abandoned by his friends, be-
trayed by his relations, who were covetous of
his estate, he had, during a long imprisonment,
no other society than that of a large and faithful
Spaniel.

Very often the conduct of brutes puts to
shame that of mankind. After a long captivity,
Sulpitius was condemned to death.—In this
terrible crisis, which so much needs consolations,
his faithful dog alone adhered to him. Of his
flatterers who praised his prosperous fortunes—
of all who had enjoyed his beneficence—no
one was present to extend a friendly hand,
or to speak a word of commiseration in this
awful extremity.

They conducted Sulpitius, to the place of
execution. As the dog knew not the sad
catastrophe which awaited its master, it re-
mained tranquilly with them on the scaffold.—
But when the poor animal beheld his head fall
under the edge of the axe, and his blood stream-
ing around, he was no longer the same—he
became furious, leaped upon the executioner,
and wished to tear him to pieces.

In those days at least, men had not arrived at
that state of barbarism which happily no
longer exists. One could not then hear with-
out shuddering the account of massacres or-
ganized in the name of the law; nor could any
one then tolerate as in the days of the revolu-
tion in France, the judicial murder of age and
of beauty, of innocence and of youth. Far from
doing any injury to the faithful dog who desired
to revenge his master's death, they left him at
his side, tried to appease his rage and fur-
nished him with food of which he would not
partake.

The dog at length took the morsels which
were thrown to him, and turning to the body of
Sulpitius, did every thing that he could to in-
troduce them into his mouth; not being able
to do so, he howled piteously.

According to the custom of the Romans in
those days, the body of the criminal was carried
to the Tiber. When they threw it into the
river, the dog at the same moment jumped in,
and followed it as well as its strength would
allow. The inconceivable creature swam under
the body of its master, struggling to raise it
above the surface of the water, and died in
the attempt to bring it back to the shore.

An Irish gentleman was in company with a young
lady, to whom he was paying his addresses, when, on
giving a shudder, she made use of the common ex-
pression, that "some one was walking over her grave."
Faint, anxious for every opportunity of paying a com-
pliment to his mistress, he exclaimed—"By the power,
Madam, but I wish I was the happy man!"

A mechanic who kept a number of apprentices,
whose wife did not possess the beauty of Helen, was
very strict in meal time devotion; it happened one
day at dinner that the husband was absent; the lady
looking round and seeing no one at the table to say
grace, she thus addressed the oldest apprentice—
"John, since your master is absent, I believe you
must supply his place." "Thank you, madam," said
John, "I had rather sleep with the boys."

A man carrying a cradle was stopped by an old
woman and thus accosted: "So, sir, you have got
some of the fruits of matrimony?" "Softly, softly, old
lady," (said he), "you mistake—this is merely the
fruit basket."

An Irishman being in market was solicited by a
merchant to buy some codfish, he inquired the price
and was told \$2.25. He replied, "I shan't give that
price, for I can purchase them nearer home for the
same price quintal and all."

When the Irish King at arms waited on the
Bishop of Killaloe to summon him to Parliament,
which was a ceremony requiring the formality of the
heraldic attire, the bishop's servant, not knowing
what to make of his appearance, and not clearly com-
prehending the title with which his memory was
charged, introduced him, saying, "My Lord, here is
the King of Tramps."

A fat gentleman relating in company an accident
he met with through the negligence of his servant
driving, said, the chaise was overturned, and himself
thrown into a ditch. "Ah! ah!" (said one of the
company) I know you cleared it. "Cleared it?"
the devil, (replied the other) I said I was flung into it."
"To be sure you were—that is when you were
flung into it, every thing flew out of it."

Rustic Courtship.—At a rustic merry making, Boy
was sent to fetch Patty; enamoured of her beauty,
and stung by the arrows of the little god, he then
ventured his passion in shy words, and now and then
touching Patty's toe with his foot under the table.
Patty, either fearful that the purity of her hose might
be soiled, or determined to make the youth express
a passion which he appeared so warmly to feel, at
length exclaimed with spirit, "If you love me, why
tell me so; but don't dirty my stockings!"

An Irishman having resided some time in America,
met with one of his countrymen, directly from Cork,
and invited him to go and get a few peaches, and
sprang up into the peach tree; it being very dark, and
hearing them fall, began to feel round for the fruit;
took hold of a toad, and with some difficulty swallow-
ed it down, cried out—"Countryman, has yachet
legs?" "No, you fool!" "Then by my shoel, I have
swallowed a dead thing."

OX

VOLUME I.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday

The President of the United States, this day, to both Houses of Congress, the following MESSAGE:

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives,

THE view which I have now to present to you, of our affairs, Foreign and Domestic, sanguine anticipations, which have been the public prosperity, whole, our growth, as a nation, a beyond example; if to the State the same gratifying spectacle is presented over the vast territory been great, without indicating sections from which the emigrant population in every quarter, native population in every quarter, to our happy system of Gov- erning the Union with firmness, Experience has already shown, to eliminate, and of industry, proceed inseparably from such vast domes- other systems might have a rep- not fail to produce, with us, the opposite effect. What one per cent may supply, and this will be the parts most distant from each other, a domestic market, and an at- tween the extremes, and through our Union. Thus, by a happy co- operation between the National and State governments which rest exclusively on the People, and are fully ade- quate for which they were re- quires which might otherwise ment, operate powerfully to draw in every other circumstance, a ac- tual state of our Union, must be our constituents. Our relations are of a friendly character, altho' differences remain unsettled, revenue, under the mild sys- tem, continues to be adequate to the Government. Our agricul- ture, manufactures, and navigation, are advancing in the degree, and appropriations, to maturity; and in the augmentation of the Navy, ed for it by law. For these ble- nighly God, from whom we derive found reverence, our most grate- ful acknowledgments.

In alluding to our relations with Great Britain, which are always an object of the I have to remark, that of the I have brought into discussion, the present Administration, some have terminated; others have been assumed hereafter, under circum- stances, and others are still in the hope that they may be ad- justed to the interests and the respective parties. It has been the object of this Government, to cher- ish relations with every power, on conditions which might make systematic effort has been made, to settle with each, in a lib- erality, all existing differences, and remove, so far as it might, causes of future variance.

It having been stipulated by the Convention of Navigation and Commerce concluded on the twenty- second and twenty-third, between France, and the said Con- vention in force for two years, from that year, and for an indefinite less one of the parties should re- nounce it, in which event, it rate at the end of six months, and, no such intention having Convention having been found parties, it has since remained in force. At the time when that, many interesting subjects, and particularly our claim to in- which were committed on our wars. For these interests and contemplation of the parties, to subsequent day, by a more con- sultative Treaty. The object has since by the Executive, but, accomplished. It is hoped that unity will present itself, for which may embrace and arrange, and every other concern of common interest, upon the ac- King of France, in event which the close of the last Session of With Great Britain our rests on the same footing that by the Convention of one the and fifteen, the commerce bet- and the British dominions, in- India, was arranged on a pri- That convention was confir- mance, with slight exceptions, for the term of ten years, from one thousand eight hundred of the latter. The trade with the West Indies, has not, as treaty or otherwise, to our ad- to that result has been, and whereby many serious im- raised by the parties in de- claims, were removed. An ex- has been manifested on the place the commerce with the feeling of reciprocal advan- the British Government, seek- peace, and its importance to long accede to it.

The Commissioners who adjustment of the boundary, the U. S. and those of Great B- article of the Treaty of Gh- their decision, and both gov- to establish that boundary between them, it is hoped that adjusted in that mode. The sixth article has been es- of the commissioners. Pro- that provided for by the se-